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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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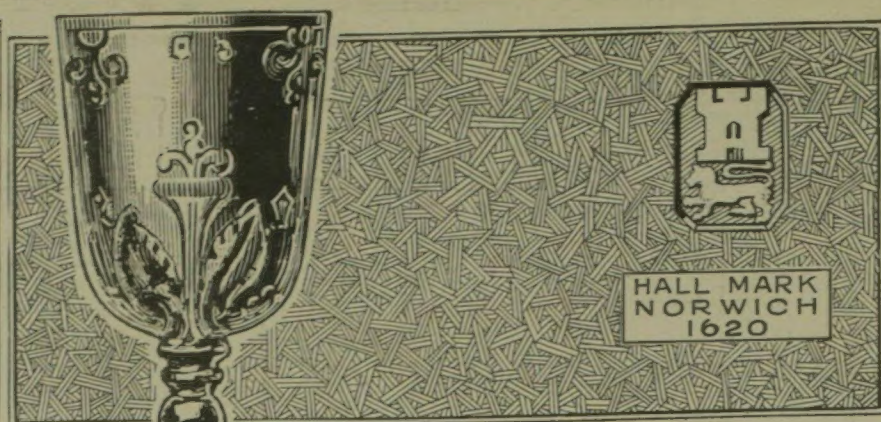
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1923.

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SHOWING THE GREAT LIKENESS BETWEEN PRINCESS MARY AND HER LITTLE SON: THE KING, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, AND MASTER GEORGE LASCELLES—FOUR GENERATIONS.

His Majesty the King is here seen with his mother, his daughter, and his grandson—a group representing four generations. The photograph was taken recently in the grounds of Marlborough House, Queen Alexandra's London residence. It is especially interesting, as it brings out the likeness of Princess Mary's little

son to his mother when she was about the same age. He was born, it may be recalled, on February 7 last, and was baptized on Palm Sunday by the names of George Henry Hubert. Henry is the first name of his father, Viscount Lascelles, elder son of the Earl of Harewood.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FOR good or evil, a line has been passed in our political history; and something that we have known all our lives is dead. I will take only one example of it: our politicians can no longer be caricatured. I say for good or evil, because anybody may draw what moral inference from it they like. Some may hold that politicians are now of so pure and perfect a spiritual essence, or of so high and heroic a moral mould, that we instinctively shrink from satire as a sort of blasphemy. Others may incline to the belief that we no longer satirise the Home Secretary or the Chancellor of the Exchequer because we cannot, at the moment, remember which is which. But there can be no doubt that this sort of personal political caricature has become less of a feature, and that with it disappears one of the last features of the Victorian civilisation. Certain fantastic features were a sort of fringe of a political reputation by which we could catch hold of the politician. It was possible, so to speak, to collar Mr. Gladstone by his collars, and to hit Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the eye, or at least in the eyeglass. Lord Randolph Churchill, that Absalom in revolt, could be hung up to public derision, if not by his hair, at least by his moustaches. By indefinitely elongating Mr. Balfour's legs or Mr. Bradlaugh's upper lip, the caricaturists of our youth only rendered these gentlemen more and more unmistakable. It might be said that the further they went from the truth the closer they kept to the legend; but the departure from truth must be in only one direction. They exaggerated to any extent, but they had no doubt about what they had to exaggerate. They pulled a politician's nose and made it longer, but it was to show that it was long; they tore his hair, but only to show that he was hairy, and took care that he should keep his hair on. But suppose somebody sets out to caricature extravagantly the features of Mr. Baldwin. Which feature will he decide to caricature? It might be the subject of a wager, or a puzzle competition in the newspapers; but it is a wager which I, for one, should not make, and a competition for which I, for one, should not enter. I have not the least notion about how one could turn Mr. Baldwin into a wild monster. It would be an affectation for me to pretend that I was romantically devoted to the last Government of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. But it is due to them to say that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill were the last examples of those Victorian comic heroes, the celebrities who could be caricatured. The reputations they imposed on us were often quite fictitious. But the new politicians cannot impose even false reputations.

It may be an improvement in some ways; it has certainly marked the end of a great deal of vulgarity and quackery. But it has dangers of its own, which I think we ought by this time to be beginning to consider. It does certainly mean, among other things, of course, the decline of all public interest in Parliamentary affairs. But that feeling has been almost entirely negative, and not positive. People have grown cold towards Parliament, not because it is a tyranny, but because it is a bore. They do not attack Parliament; it would be truer to say that they flee in terror from its daily attack. A man turning over the page of his newspaper, devoted to the Grand Congress of Leaders of the Opposition, or the tenth Grand Reunion of the Conservative Party, and reading by preference the opinions of a Californian film star on soft drinks, or the discovery by a Lithuanian professor of how women might grow whiskers, is by the very act of thus showing his literary preference uttering a condemnation of politics and politicians. But he is not rebelling against politicians; rather he is hiding in holes and corners so that the politician cannot pursue him.

And this negative note is of great practical importance. Politics may or may not be a tyranny;

politicians may or may not be parasites. But parasites do not cease to be parasites because we have grown weary of watching them as performing fleas. There are other functions that the parasites will still perform. When the dragon, that somewhat larger parasite, descends on and devours the produce and population of some great country in the romances and the fairy tales, it is likely enough that the monster was hardly mentioned in the newspapers of that country. Until the moment when the king was driven to the highly unconstitutional action of offering his daughter's hand to the dragon-slayer, it is probable enough that the Court Circular completely ignored the dragon. But it does not always dispose of the difficulty to ignore the dragon. During a long period all our own newspapers ignored the whole problem of political corruption—a monster as

to the centre of it. There are some who honestly do not believe in its existence, because they are in the very middle of it. Many have disbelieved in the existence of Jonah's whale; and it seems possible that Jonah himself might have come to disbelieve in it, if he had remained long enough in the one place where the whale could never be seen.

But neither hiding in caverns remote from the dragon, nor hiding in the dragon as a convenient cavern, will necessarily put a stop to the dragon's destructive activities. Neither ignoring political corruption by the process of never reading about politics, nor ignoring political corruption by being too much used to politics to expect them to be anything but corrupt, will, in themselves, avert the public damage which such political corruption can do. Now the trouble at the moment is that the recent reaction in politics, which was in many ways a reaction towards steadier and saner things, was still a negative and not a positive reaction. It was a reaction towards repose, and not towards reform. It was not a direct movement to make our politics democratic; or, alternatively, to make them once more genuinely aristocratic. It was a movement that regarded the old politicians not so much as being a nuisance in the sense of a damage, as merely a nuisance in the sense of a noise. But it will not cure modern abuses to abolish noise; simply because the worst modern abuses have always been accompanied by silence. I express merely my own opinion, but I do myself believe that the newer and less notorious group of the governing class now in power are a more satisfactory sort of people than their predecessors, and are really less of a nuisance as well as less of a noise. But I gravely doubt if they will be able to cure the diseases of degenerate Parliamentarism, even though they may wish to do so, without some sort of positive popular backing, coming not from the Parliament, but from the public. The bad customs that had grown up in our polity of late were, and are, very strongly entrenched, and could only be taken by some sort of attack. But that sort of attack is exactly the thing for which the nation does not seem much in the mood just now. That sort of positive popular backing is just what the public is not giving at the moment. The public does in one sense want to dismiss any more or less dubious public servants. But it wants to dismiss them from its mind, not to dismiss them from its offices.

I think, therefore, that there are two sides to the more placid politics represented by the disappearance of caricature. I am well aware that in the Victorian time a caricature was largely a convention. It did not satirise a man for what he had really done, but for what it happened to be convenient to his opponent to accuse him of doing. Notorious pleasure-seekers were satirised as surly Puritans; notorious shufflers were satirised as swash-bucklers. But, though the political satire gave a man a character which he did not deserve, it did give him a character

from which he found it a little more difficult to depart. In other words, it did give him a character of some kind; and he had to live up to that character in some way. It was quite absurd to represent Gladstone as embracing Irish Moonlighters; but at the moment when he was so represented he could not have himself introduced a wild Coercion Act for shooting Irish peasants. It was quite absurd to suggest that Randolph Churchill was a reverent crusader shocked at the atheism of Bradlaugh; but he could hardly at that moment have publicly imitated the atheism of Bradlaugh. The new phase seems to suggest that the place of the popular aristocracy that anybody could caricature will be taken by a mere bureaucracy that nobody has even heard of. But even bureaucracies may do things that it would be better for us to hear of; and it will be well to be ready for this danger also.



A GREAT LOSS TO THE LONDON STAGE: THE LATE SIR CHARLES HAWTREY, THE FAMOUS ACTOR.

Sir Charles Hawtrey, who only a week or two ago was appearing at the Criterion Theatre in "Send for Dr. O'Grady," died on July 30 from pneumonia following a chill. The loss of his genial personality and delightful humour will be universally regretted. He was born at Eton in 1858, and made his stage debut in 1881. Among his finest earlier performances were his Douglas Cattermole in "The Private Secretary" and Horace Parker in "A Message from Mars." Of his more recent successes the most notable was his acting in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure." He was educated at Rugby and Oxford. Four years ago he married (as his second wife) the Hon. Mrs. Albert Petre. He was knighted last year.

Photograph by Bassano.

enormous and destructive. But ignoring corruption is the way to increase and not decrease it. And the mere fact that many people can hide from the dragon, in caverns so large and comfortable that they can even forget him, scarcely gives them the right to claim the laurel of the dragon-slayer or the hand of the princess. I once sketched out a sort of fairy tale about a man who hid from the dragon inside the dragon, being swallowed by the monster as Jonah was swallowed by the whale. His refuge would be, in one sense, the largest and most comfortable of all possible caverns. There would even be considerable difficulty in the dragon getting at him to do him further injury, without the dragon doing its own delicate constitution even greater injury. And in the present case this certainly is an allegory. There are many who are safe from the worst that a monstrous system can do, because they have penetrated

THE MARK AT 5,000,000 TO THE POUND: FOOD QUEUES IN BERLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOTHEK (BERLIN), JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY AND PHOTOPRESS.



WHERE BUTTER HAS BEEN RECENTLY SOLD AT THE PRICE OF 100,000 MARKS PER POUND: A QUEUE OUTSIDE A GROCER'S SHOP IN BERLIN.



FOOD SHORTAGE IN BERLIN THROUGH DEALERS BUYING UP STOCKS FOR BAL TIC COAST RESORTS: A QUEUE AT A GREENGROCER'S SHOP.



ISSUED BY THE REICHSBANK WHEN THE EXCHANGE SANK TO 5,000,000 MARKS TO THE POUND STERLING: ONE OF THE NEW 5,000,000 MARK NOTES.



COLLECTING HUGE BASKETSFULL OF GERMAN PAPER MONEY FROM A BANK TO PAY WAGES: A RESULT OF THE GREAT FALL OF THE MARK.

On July 30 the exchange value of the German mark sank to the rate of 5,000,000 to the pound sterling, and the Reichsbank immediately issued five-million-mark notes. As prices rose with the increased note output, previous notes of high denomination became small change. There was some shortage of food in Berlin, through dealers buying up all available foodstuffs for seaside resorts on the Baltic coast, where the crops were backward. Berlin has to get vegetables and fruit from Southern Germany. Potatoes are very scarce, owing to a cold spring and continuous rain, and women wait outside the shops in queues. Prices vary greatly from day to day, and even from hour to hour, according to the fluctuation



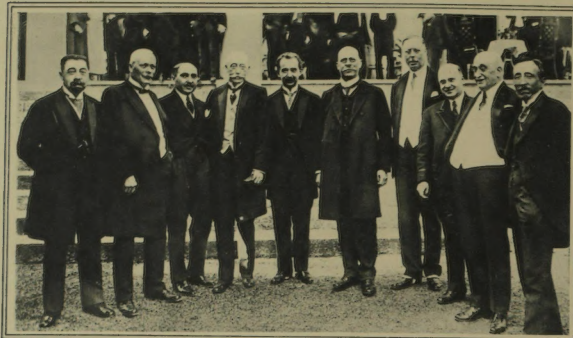
HOW FOREIGN MONEY POURS INTO GERMANY: VISITORS TO BERLIN CHANGING MONEY AT A NEWSPAPER KIOSK CONVERTED INTO AN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

of the exchange. The price of a pound of butter recently rose to 100,000 marks. The fall of the mark caused an enormous rise in wages, so that, in spite of the new issues of bank notes of high value, the cashiers of Berlin commercial houses had to bring away from the banks the sums required for wages in huge baskets, as shown in one of our photographs. The great influx of foreign visitors who require to change their money into German paper has led to the conversion of street newspaper kiosks into exchange offices. It has been estimated that since 1918 an aggregate sum in valid currency of about 500,000,000 pounds sterling has gone into Germany from British and other sources.

RECENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., SPORT AND GENERAL.

ROUCH, VANDYK, PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, L.N.A., I.B., AND C.N.



PEACE WITH TURKEY AT LAST: LEADING PERSONALITIES AT LAUSANNE AT THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY.



THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT EDINBURGH: THE COMBINED TEAMS.



CHAMPION JUMPER AT THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND HORSE SHOW: LIEUT.-COL. J. H. GIBBON ON HIS 20-YEAR-OLD WAR HORSE, SIRDAR.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT POWIS CASTLE: A DISTINGUISHED GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO WELSHPOOL.



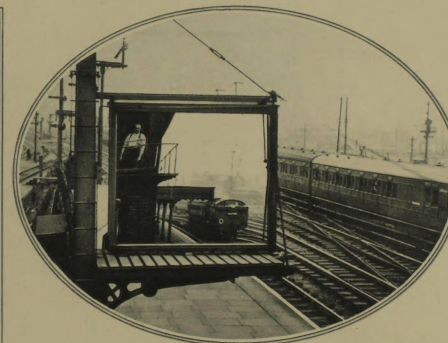
A BISLEY OF THE ANTIPODES: CADETS TAKING PART IN THE ANNUAL SHOOTING COMPETITIONS AT LONG BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



A HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS OFFERED FOR SALE: GADS HILL, NEAR ROCHESTER, ALSO ASSOCIATED WITH SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY IV."



LED BY A FLAG-BEARER: "RIDING THE COMMONS" AT LANGHOLM, DUMFRIES-SHIRE, ACCORDING TO ANCIENT CUSTOM.



A STRATFORD SIGNALMAN WHO WORKS WITH A MIRROR, OWING TO A CURVE IN THE LINE: A REFLECTION OF HIMSELF AND AN APPROACHING TRAIN.



WHERE 27 YORKSHIRE MINERS LOST THEIR LIVES IN A PIT EXPLOSION: THE MALTBV MAIN COLLIERY, NEAR ROTHERHAM.



SURVIVORS OF THE YORKSHIRE PIT COLLIERY: A GROUP OF



DISASTER AT THE MALTBV MAIN COLLIERY: MINERS WHO ESCAPED.



AFTER A SCOTTISH PIT DISASTER THAT OCCURRED ON THE SAME DAY: THE FUNERAL OF A VICTIM OF THE EXPLOSION NEAR KILSYTH.

The Treaty of Lausanne, establishing peace between Turkey, the Allies, and Greece, was signed there on July 24. Our group shows (from left to right, beginning with the third figure from the left), the Bulgarian Delegate; General Pellé (France); Ismet Pasha (Turkey); President Scheurer (Switzerland—chairman); Sir Horace Rumbold (Britain); M. Diamandi (Roumania); Marquis Garronia (Italy); and the Jugo-Slavian Delegate. The Jugo-Slavian and Bulgarian Delegates did not sign.—On the concluding day (July 28) of the Aldershot Command Horse Show, the Open Jumping Competition was won by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Gibbon, R.A., with his horse, Sirdar.—In the International Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Ravelston Dykes, Edinburgh, Scotland beat England by 3 matches to 2. Our group of the combined teams shows (l. to r.) standing: Messrs. F. D. B. Spence (Scotland), V. A. Wood Hawks (Sc.), D. M. Greig (England), Lieut.-Col. A. Berger (Eng.). Sitting—A. Blair (Sc.), A. H. Harley (Sc.), W. C. Crawley (Eng.), and L. A. Godfree (Eng.).—For his visit to Welshpool, the Prince of Wales was the guest of the Earl and Countess of Powis at Powis Castle. Our group shows (l. to r.): Front row—The Hon. Olive Campbell,

Marchioness of Hartington, Countess of Powis, the Prince of Wales, Marchioness of Northampton, Lady Erskine, and the Countess of Lisburne. Back row—Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Marquess of Northampton, Lord Stamford, Viscount Clive, Lady Hermione Herbert, Colonel Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn (Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire), the Earl of Powis, Marquess of Hartington, Captain Piers Legh, the Earl of Lisburne, and Sir Richard Leighton.—The house at Gads Hill was bought by Dickens in 1856, and he lived there off and on until his death in 1870. Gads Hill is the scene of Falstaff's adventures in Shakespeare's "Henry IV."—At Langholm, Dumfriesshire, on July 27, the old fair (originated in 1759) was held and the traditional ceremony of "riding the commons" performed.—A signal-box at Stratford, on the L.N.E.R., is provided with a mirror in which the signalman can see the track, otherwise invisible to him through a curve in the line.—On July 28 two disastrous colliery explosions took place—one in Yorkshire, at the Maltby Main Colliery Company's pit, where 27 men lost their lives; and the other in Scotland, at the No. 3 Gartshore Pit, Kilsyth, where 8 out of a party of 12 men were killed, and 3 injured.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAMB (SELBY), LAFAYETTE, BASSANO, L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, HUTCHINSON AND RUSSELL, C.N., AND VANDYK.



ELECTED AT LEEDS: SIR CHARLES WILSON, M.P.



NEW PARL. SEC. TO THE TREASURY: COM. B. M. EYRES-MONSELL, M.P.



NEW PARL. AND FIN. SEC. TO THE ADMIRALTY: MAJOR A. BOYD-CARPENTER, M.P.



AUTHOR OF THE BRITAIN-TO-INDIA AIRSHIP SCHEME: COM. BURNEY, M.P.



NEW PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND: THE HON. W. R. WARREN.



AN EX-LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST: THE LATE RT. HON. J. C. WHITE.



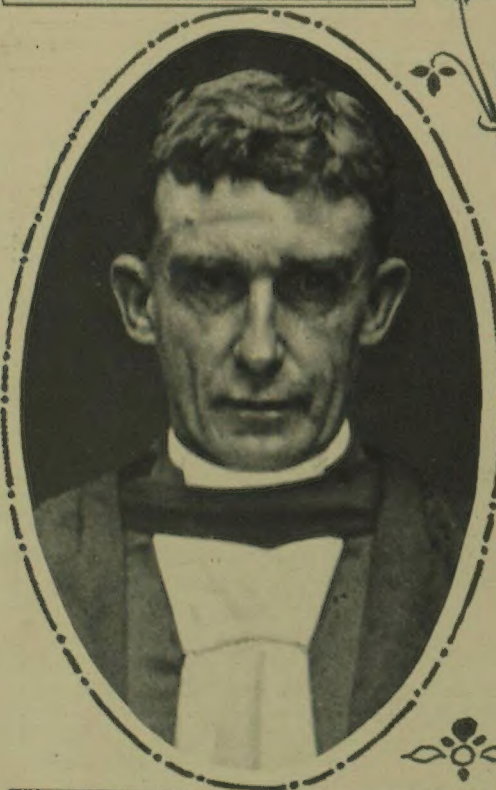
WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY: MRS. LESLIE WILSON.



NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY: THE RT. HON. LESLIE WILSON, M.P.



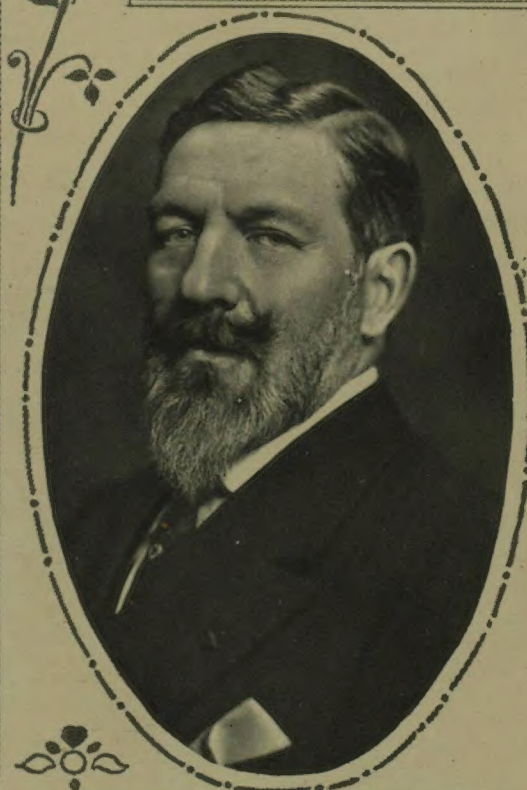
A LONDON MAGISTRATE'S DEATH: THE LATE MR. I. A. SYMMONS.



NEW BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: THE RT. REV. A. A. DAVID, D.D.



THE NEW SCOTTISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: MR. T. M. BURRELL (RIGHT) RECEIVES THE CUP FROM SIR ALEXANDER WALKER.

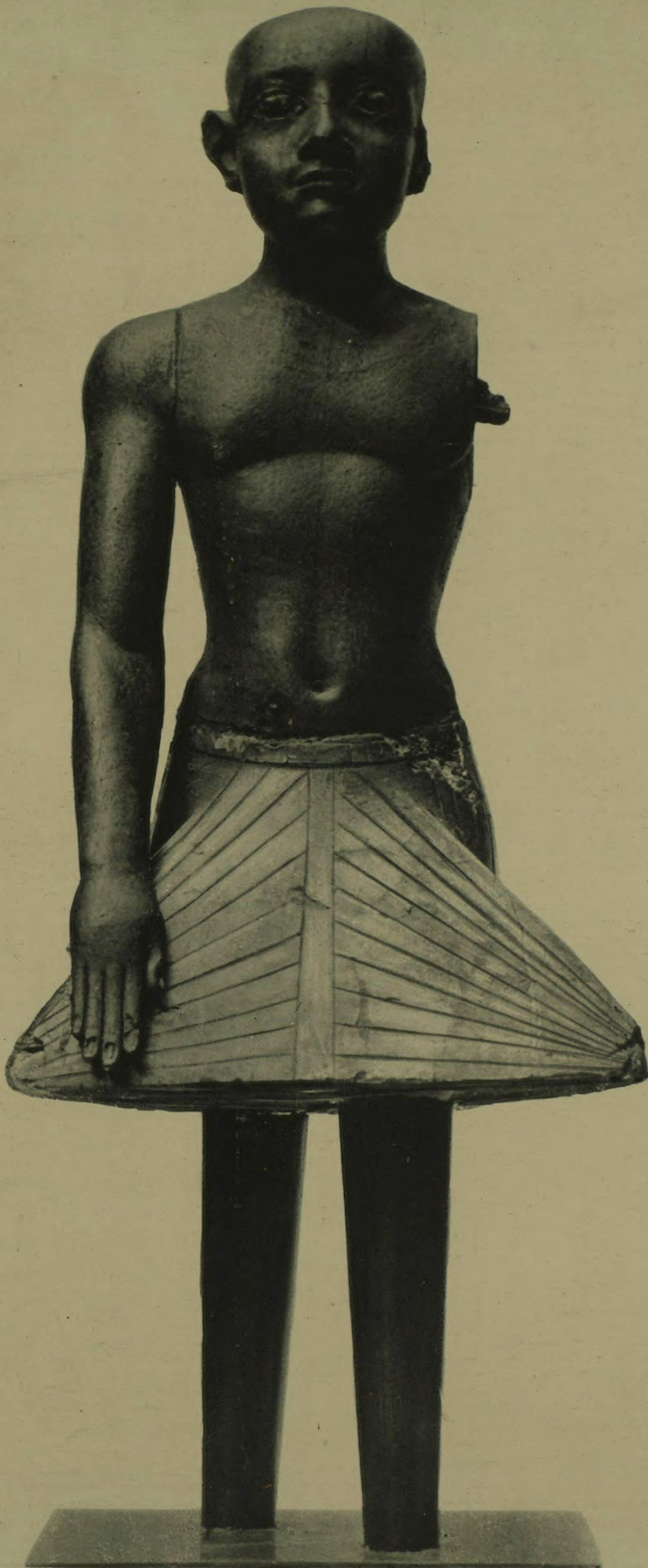


TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL IN LONDON: THE DUKE OF ORLEANS, CLAIMANT TO THE FRENCH THRONE.

Sir Charles Wilson was returned as a Conservative at the by-election in Central Leeds.—Commander B. M. Eyres-Monsell, R.N., is M.P. for South Worcestershire, and in 1921 became a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. As Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, he is now succeeded by Major A. Boyd-Carpenter, M.P. for North Bradford, and Secretary to the Ministry of Labour.—Commander Burney, M.P. for Uxbridge, whose scheme for an airship service between England and India has been officially adopted, is known as the inventor of paravanes, which protected ships from mines in the war.—It was recently announced that the Hon. W. R. Warren, Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of Newfoundland, had succeeded Sir Richard Squires as Premier.—The Rt. Hon. J. C. White was head of a well-known firm of solicitors in Belfast, of which city he was Lord Mayor in 1919.—Lieut.-Col. Leslie Wilson, M.P., has been appointed

to succeed Sir George Lloyd as Governor of Bombay when the latter retires in December. Colonel Wilson is at present Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Chief Unionist Whip. He married Winifred, daughter of the late Captain Charles Smith, of Goderich, Sydney.—Mr. I. A. Symmons, who died on July 31 after an operation, became Police Magistrate at Marylebone last year.—Dr. David, Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, has been appointed Bishop of Liverpool in succession to Dr. Chavasse, who has resigned.—In the final of the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship at Troon on July 28, Mr. T. M. Burrell, of Troon, beat Mr. A. R. McCallum by one hole.—The Duke of Orleans, head of the House of Bourbon, who claims to be King of France, was recently stated to be seriously ill at Inverness Lodge, Roehampton, and undergoing special treatment there.

**LORD CARNARVON'S BEQUEST
TO THE NATION:
A 5000-YEAR-OLD STATUETTE.**



PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY LADY CARNARVON:
A GRANITE POT OF THE PRE-DYNASTIC PERIOD.

THE late Earl of Carnarvon, of Tutankhamen fame, bequeathed in his will one object (to be chosen later) from his Egyptian collection to the British Museum. The object chosen, and recently accepted by the Trustees, is the unique portrait-figure above illustrated. At the same time the late Earl's widow, Almina Countess of Carnarvon, generously presented to the Museum the pre-dynastic granite pot shown in the smaller photograph. The wooden portrait-figure, of beautiful workmanship, represents a high official attached to the temples of the Pyramids at Ghizeh

(Continued below.)

CHOSEN AS LORD CARNARVON'S BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: AN EGYPTIAN PORTRAIT-FIGURE OF 3500 B.C. (ACTUAL SIZE),
SHOWN ALSO IN PROFILE (ON RIGHT) WITH ITS CURIOUS PROJECTING "SKIRT."

Continued.] about 3500 B.C. The eyes, which are extraordinarily realistic, are inlaid with obsidian and ivory. The figure is notable for its difference in feature from others of the same period, and it is considered possible that it represents a man who was not an Egyptian, but of some Oriental race. He wears a loin-cloth of

considerable length, with the pleats carefully shown, and in front a triangular projection thought to be part of a skirt, and possibly held in position by a kind of framework similar to that used for crinolines. The loin-cloth and the projection are of gilded plaster. The statuette stands 12 in. high (including the dummy legs).

INSULIN: ITS REAL VALUE.

[There is so much popular misconception as to Insulin and its value that we think it well to give this article by a famous physician. It is necessarily "medical" in nature, but easily to be understood by the layman.]

FROM time to time discoveries in medicine are announced in a manner which magnifies their importance and possibilities to such an extent that, for this very reason alone, a large number are accounted failures. It is always essential to preserve one's sense of proportion in considering any scientific statement, for the language in which it is couched is not easily understood by the lay mind. It is with these thoughts in our mind that we propose to describe not only the possibilities, but the limitations of Insulin in its treatment for diabetes. Before actually considering the treatment with this preparation, it is essential to give a few facts about diabetes, to render this article more clear.

In the popular mind there are many varieties of diabetes, described as "eating," "drinking," "sugar," and "wasting" diabetes, and many other similar terms; but to the doctor there are only two types, which, briefly described, are as follows:

Diabetes Insipidus, which is not a fatal disease, and is characterised by great thirst and polyuria without loss of weight, and in the majority of cases without sugar being found in the urine. This is not the disease we propose to consider, and is, truly speaking, a very mild condition when compared with *Diabetes Mellitus*.

Diabetes Mellitus is a disease which attacks human beings of either sex at any age. Once they are victims of this condition, they waste rapidly, despite the fact that they have an enormous appetite and thirst; and, further, they have extreme polyuria containing sugar.

Sugar in the urine, or glycosuria, as the doctors call it, is by no means a proof that *Diabetes Mellitus* is present, and before such a diagnosis is made it is necessary to see whether or not there is an excess of sugar in the blood. This blood sugar-test is of comparatively recent origin, and is one which must always be carried out, in order to show whether there is an excess of sugar present at a much longer interval after food than normally. When this is the case, the diagnosis of *Diabetes Mellitus* can be made.

The diet of every healthy individual has three constituents, known as carbohydrates, proteids, and fat, and a sufficient amount of each of the three must be taken to preserve life. In general terms when a normal person partakes of food, this food undergoes changes in the body because of the action of the various secretions in the digestive tract to which it is submitted. One of the organs providing the secretions is the pancreas, or, in its popular name, the sweetbread, which not only has an external secretion that pours through its duct into the alimentary canal, but also has what is described as an internal secretion that acts in some way on the carbohydrate part of our diet. Carbohydrates, as is well known, comprise such articles of food as sugar, bread, rice, etc., and may be a constituent of many foods containing the other ingredients—proteids and fats.

Now it was found by experiment that if the pancreas is removed from dogs, then these animals become the victims of diabetes; and so it is found in the human subject that diabetes occurs because of the loss of the internal secretions of the pancreas. For many years efforts have been made to make a preparation of animal pancreas containing the internal secretions in an unaltered state, and thus provide, when given to a diabetic, the juices that he lacks. Two problems, therefore, have faced the investigator—the one to

find out what is the cause of the pancreas ceasing to function; and, secondly, either to remove the cause or to supply the missing secretion. No one, so far, has found the answer to the first question, and we are as ignorant to-day as we ever were as to the exact cause of diabetes; but it is to Dr. Banting, of Canada, that the credit must be given for discovering a method of preparing an extract of pancreas that can be introduced into the human body, and so provide the missing secretions. Although Dr. Banting made his discovery in 1921, he was careful not to announce it to the world until he had thoroughly tested its value, and had evolved a scheme whereby a standardised preparation could be supplied to sufferers. The exact formula by which he makes his preparation has been jealously guarded, and only transmitted in Canada, the country from whence he hails, to the University of Toronto, and in England to the Medical Research Committee. These bodies, in turn, have bound over to secrecy certain reputable chemists

large number of these sufferers do equally well on dieting, and should on no account have Insulin. Finally, it must be carefully remembered that Insulin is a dangerous drug, that should only be given after careful investigation of the case, and under the strictest supervision and control. The method of investigating a case of diabetes is as follows: The doctor will give his patient 50 g. of sugar, and will then from time to time test his blood in order to estimate the amount of sugar present. He knows that within two hours of ingestion the amount will have reached a definite level in the normal person, but will remain at a very much higher point for several hours in the diabetic subject. He then places the patient on four fixed meals a day, so that two of them contain the carbohydrates that are essential for life. The total amount of carbohydrate, protein, and fat is carefully weighed, so that the proper number of calories are provided. Fifteen minutes before each meal containing carbohydrates, the Insulin is injected by a hypodermic syringe under the skin of the sufferer.

The amount given at first is tentative, until its effects upon the sugar in the blood have been ascertained, and according to the results the Insulin is then increased or diminished. The patient must on no account delay taking his meal at the prescribed time after the injection, otherwise serious symptoms follow; and even when the proper dosage of Insulin and the requisite amounts of food have been arrived at, it is necessary for the patient to have his blood tested from time to time in order to see that he is progressing satisfactorily. Haphazard methods of injections either as to amount or time, and omissions on the part of patients to take their meals either at the proper hour or without the injection, will lead to the supervention of dangerous symptoms. It will thus be seen that patients must have injections of Insulin every day; and, as far as we know at present, these must be continued until the end of his life. The difficulties of administering these injections to people who live in villages becomes at once apparent. The village doctor or the village nurse may well be out at cases such as confinements, and it is probable that sufferers will have to be taught not only how to weigh and to prepare their food, but also how to give their own injections. In England we have only had a few months in which to test the efficacy of Insulin, but the results have been so exceedingly good that the profession does not hesitate to acclaim it as a wonderful help, even though not a cure for *Diabetes Mellitus*.

The writer of this article has had a unique opportunity of observing a large number of cases, and in every one the result has been little short of marvellous. Only a few months ago patients so ill that they had reached the stage of coma would have been given but a few days to live, whereas to-day, with Insulin, they have been brought back from the brink of death to the state of health described above. The fact that patients can put on three or four stone in weight in a few weeks, with a corresponding improvement in their sense of well-being and energy, is the great recompense of medical men, who previous to this discovery have always faced these patients with sorrow and despair in their hearts, realising their own impotence and the hopeless condition of their patients.

Whether, by thus alleviating the symptoms of the sufferer, this treatment will allow the pancreas to rest, rehabilitate itself, and lead to cure; or whether the cause of the disease, which is still unknown, will progress further despite the treatment, and create troubles at present unthought of—are problems which time and experience alone can reveal.



THE DISCOVERER OF INSULIN: DR. F. G. BANTING (LEFT), WITH A FRIEND, ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT MEETING OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

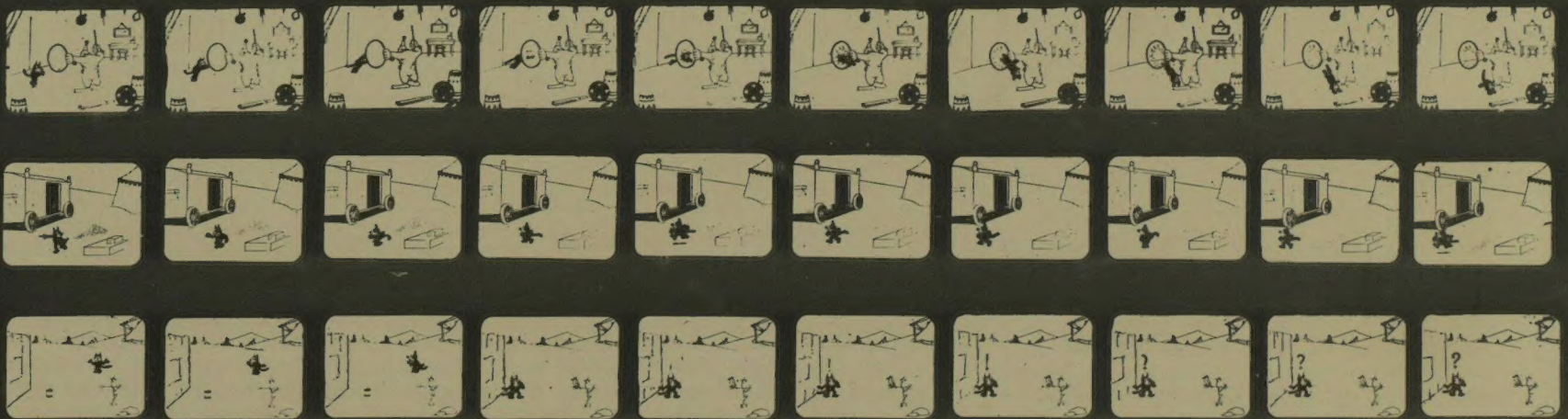
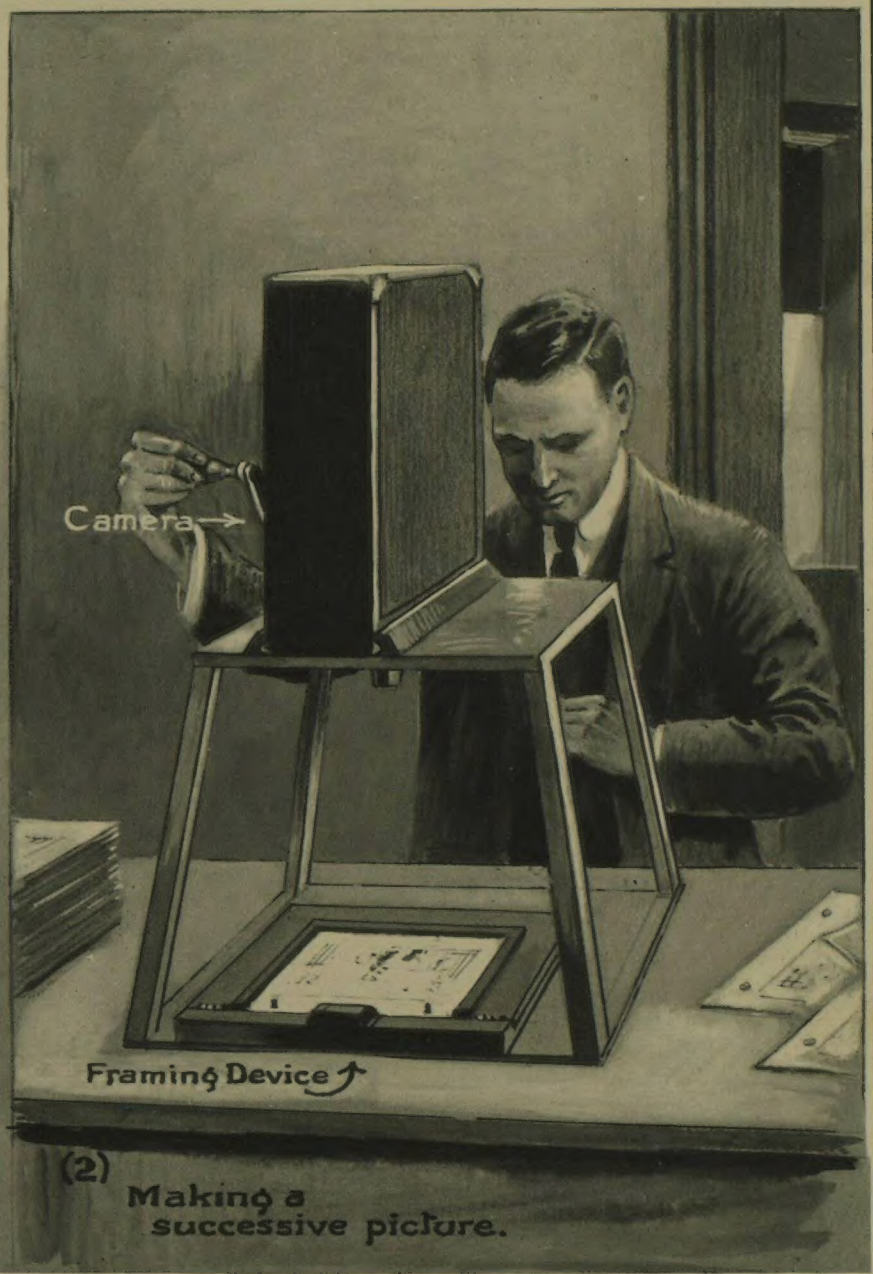
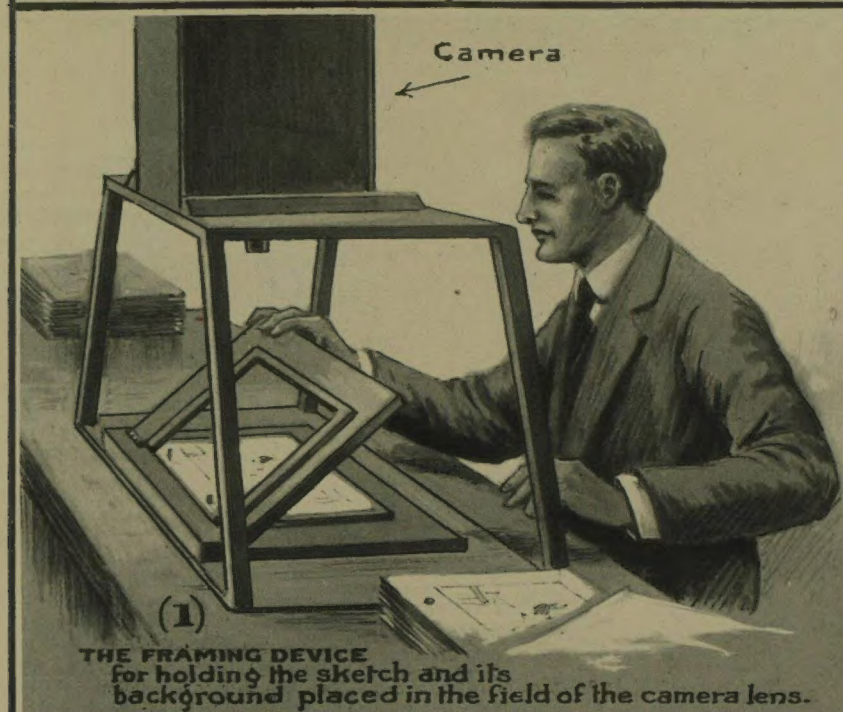
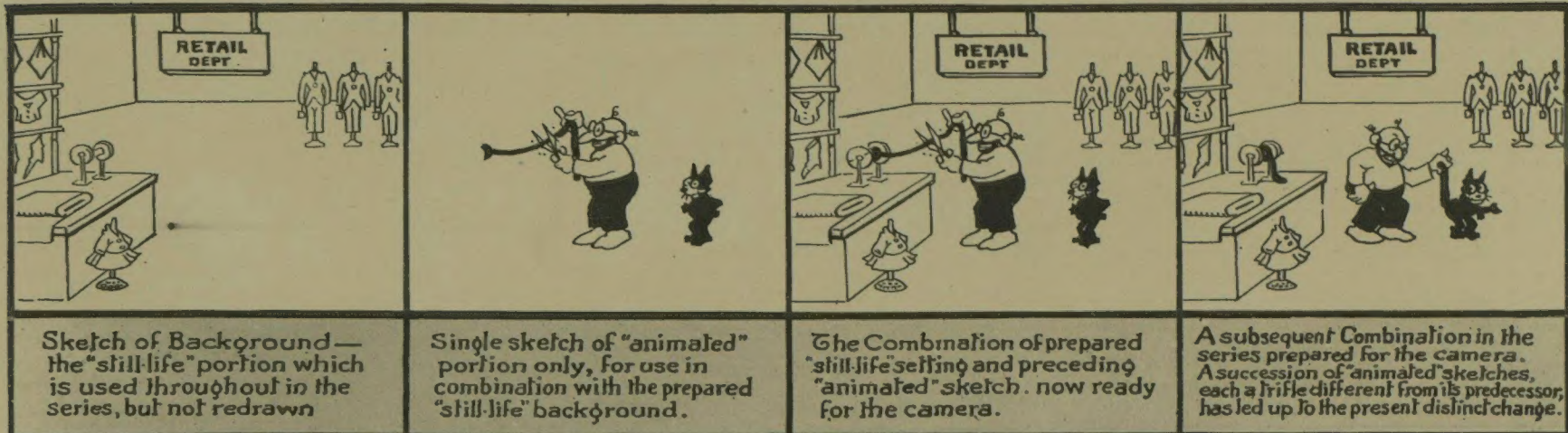
Dr. F. G. Banting, of Toronto, the discoverer of the new treatment of diabetes by insulin (a serum prepared from the pancreas of cattle and sheep), was a prominent figure both at the World Congress of Surgeons and the annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Portsmouth. His discovery was also the subject of an address at the recent International Physiological Congress in Edinburgh.—[Copyright Photograph by the "Times."]

who prepare Insulin according to the directions given them, and submit samples of their products for testing purposes before they are distributed for use by the medical profession. It will thus be seen that, whilst Insulin relieves patients of their symptoms, it in no sense attacks or relieves the cause, and so cannot be considered a cure for the disease. It has been aptly described as being comparable to the provision of a crutch to a lame man. The results of its administration have, with very few exceptions, been extraordinarily good; and with it patients who have wasted tremendously have regained their weight and their energy to such an extent that they can resume a more or less normal life with a fair amount of work.

It is imperative to draw attention to a widely spread and exaggerated idea of its powers—namely, that it does away with the necessity of dieting. Patients using Insulin have to exercise greater caution than ever that they take the carefully weighed dietary and that their meals are partaken of at definite times, particularly in regard to the period lapsing after an injection. A further point of importance is that Insulin is not required in every case of diabetes. A

HOW THE MOVING FILM DRAWING IS MADE: FELIX THE CAT.

Drawings by W. B. ROBINSON. Photographs by COURTESY OF MESSRS. PATHÉ FRÈRES, LTD. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. AND CANADA.)



HOW THE GREAT FILM "COMEDIAN," FELIX THE CAT, COMES INTO BEING: DIAGRAMS AND SECTIONS OF FILM.

Felix the Cat, the famous film star, who has been described as an even greater laughter-maker than Charlie Chaplin, has been engaged by the "Sketch" to appear in that paper every week, beginning with the current issue (for July 31). Those who have seen Felix on the Pathé films will enjoy meeting him in another form. Here we illustrate the methods by which he "lives and moves and has his being." Films are projected on the screen at 16 a second (that number giving natural speed to moving objects), so the artist (Mr. Pat Sullivan) has to make 16 separate drawings of Felix for an action shown in one second, and a ten-minutes' show would require as many as 9600 separate drawings, made in sequence to conform to living movements. For each episode the same back-

ground, drawn on celluloid, is used throughout. On completing each drawing the artist places it on a frosted screen illuminated from behind. Next he puts a sheet of plain paper above the drawing, and sketches the position for the next "movement," this method being repeated throughout. Each drawing is placed in a frame beneath the celluloid background, exact register being obtained by two pegs which coincide with holes in the drawing. The drawing with its background is then photographed by a cinema camera supported above with its lens down. The other drawings are photographed one by one in their sequence in the way described, after which the film is developed. The strips of film pictures shown at the base of our page show the method of drawing movements in sequence.

THE HOLD-UP OF THE PEKIN-SHANTUNG EXPRESS: BRIGANDS' PRISONERS AFTER RANSOM—AND A SUN YAT SEN ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



OUT OF STEP AND CARRYING UMBRELLAS AND FANS: A CHINESE "ARMY" ON THE MARCH—"EFFECTIVE GOVERNMENT ACTION" BY THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA, WHICH HAS APPOINTED DR. SUN YAT SEN, ITS FORMER PRESIDENT, GENERALISSIMO OF TROOPS.



A BRITISH SUBJECT CAPTURED BY THE CHINESE SOLDIER-BANDITS: MR. FRED ELIAS, A VICTIM OF THE SHANTUNG TRAIN "HOLD UP," IN HIS CAPTORS' MOUNTAIN FASTNESS.



AFTER FIVE WEEKS IN THE BRIGANDS' STRONGHOLD: COMMANDER MUSSO (ON STICKS), MR. J. B. POWELL, AND MR. LEE SOLOMON, AT NANKING (L. TO R.).



COOK FOR THE CAMP OF CAPTIVES: MAJOR FINGAR, OF THE U.S. ARMY.



THE BANDITS' EYRIE: MR. LEE SOLOMON, A CAPTURED AMERICAN TOURIST, LOOKING OUT FROM THEIR MOUNTAIN FORTRESS.



ALLEGED LEADER OF THE BANDITS: GENERAL KUO-TSAI-CHI.



AFTER BEING RANSOMED: PROFESSOR CHENG, MR. H. GENSBURGER, MR. E. GENSBURGER, MR. J. B. POWELL, MR. LEE SOLOMON, MRS. HUNG, MR. L. FRIEDMAN, MR. CHARLES CHENG, AND MR. FRED ELIAS (LEFT TO RIGHT).

The practical collapse of central government in China has led to the open rebellion of several provinces. There a state of anarchy prevails, the country being terrorised by thousands of unpaid and mutinous soldiers, who have deserted and turned bandits under local leaders. On May 6, ex-soldiers of General Chang Hsun, who engineered the sudden restoration of the Manchus in 1917, held up the Pekin-Shantung express at Lingcheng by pulling up the line, and, after shooting one British subject and murdering several native passengers, took the rest captive. For some five weeks the prisoners were kept in the brigands' stronghold, till the Chinese Government had arranged their ransom. Nationals of several European countries, as well as of the United States,

were involved, and the "incident" has probably not been concluded with the Chinese Government's decision to "take a firm hand" by enrolling some 3000 of the bandits in its National Army. In the opinion of many Englishmen, the white man's prestige in China has fallen gravely since the war, one correspondent writing to the "Times" of the new "challenge of the Oriental to the Occidental." To avoid this racial problem, it is suggested that a large force of Gurkha troops may have to be borrowed from the Indian Government, to enable China to put her house in order. The China Association, at its recent annual meeting in London, urged a conference of the Powers to consider measures for restoring order in China.

"IT WAS A MISTAKE": THE EAST CHALLENGING THE WEST IN RESTLESS CHINA.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY A BRITISH EYE-WITNESS.



HOPING TO WRECK THE FOREIGN STEAMERS: UNCONTROLLED SZECHUANESSE

Describing the sketch he made at the time, our correspondent notes: "The enclosed drawing, dealing with trade, etc., as carried on in the upper Yangtze by British ships to a distance of over 1600 miles from the sea, will be of interest. At Ichang, 970 miles up the river, the flat plain through which it runs gives place to mountainous gorges through which the river runs at great speed, over rapids and through narrow defiles which contain endless dangers and hazards to navigation. This section of the river, which is enclosed by the rebel province of Szechuan, and forms the main artery of that province—as roads are practically non-existent—has only been opened for steam navigation during recent years, and is now navigated by small high-powered steamers of about 400 tons, which carry about 350 tons of cargo. The police work is done by a few 'foreign' gunboats. Besides the district being infested with brigands, there is constant internal fighting going on locally between the various Chinese potentates, whose ill-disciplined soldiers hold up and rob junka plying their trade, levy illegal taxes,



SOLDIERS FIRING AT H.M.S. "TEAL" AND HER CONVOY, ON THE UPPER YANGTSE.

and fire on the foreign steamers in hazardous parts of the river in hopes of wrecking them. As the authorities (whoever may be in office at the time) are powerless against these bandits, and also own no allegiance to the Peking Government, there is no redress for loss of life or property. Apart from that, the scenery is extraordinarily fine, and in the eastern part of Szechuan, where the river rises in flood to nearly 200 feet above its winter level, the sight of this boiling torrent is most impressive. The particular drawing here given shows Szechuanese soldiers firing at a convoy of steamers escorted by H.M.S. 'Teal' through Wansien. The officials have little control over their men, and the usual reply to complaints is a statement that 'it was a mistake.' In August 1922, the river was closed to steamers for three weeks owing to the hostility of the rebel army. The flat-topped hill in the middle background, inaccessible except by a narrow path guarded by enormous gates, is occupied by rich Chinese as a defence from brigands."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

"THE FLYING FILLY," DAUGHTER OF "THE SPOTTED WONDER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUGH AND S. AND G.



THE MOST-DISCUSSED FILLY: THE AGA KHAN'S MUMTAZ MAHAL—BY THE TETRARCH—LADY JOSEPHINE (HULME UP).



"THE FLYING FILLY": MUMTAZ MAHAL.



"THE SPOTTED WONDER": THE TETRARCH.

The Aga Khan's Mumtaz Mahal is not called "the Flying Filly" without reason. A daughter of "the spotted wonder" or "the rocking-horse"—The Tetrarch—and of Lady Josephine—herself a flier—much was to be expected of her, and she has not disappointed. She first came notably before the racing public when she won the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes at Newmarket in May, when she covered

the Rous Course in 57.4.5 seconds, and so beat all time records for a two-year-old. She travelled, in fact, at nearly 39 miles an hour. Needless to say, she aroused still further interest when she won the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, where she seemed to leave the other horses almost standing. Later, she won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, at Sandown, by four lengths, and was never out of a

[Continued opposite.]

"THE FLYING FILLY," MUMTAZ MAHAL: REASONS FOR HER SPEED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G. AND ROUGH.



INDICATING FULL EXPRESSION OF NERVOUS ENERGY AND EXTRAORDINARY VITALITY, QUALITIES MAKING FOR SPEED: MUMTAZ MAHAL (HULME UP).



THE PERFECT SLOPE AND PLAY OF THE SHOULDER MUSCLES.



CORRECT USE OF THE HOCKS: THE HIND LEVERAGE, SHOWING THE PROPELLING POWER OF THE QUARTERS.



PERFECTION OF ACTION: MUMTAZ MAHAL FINISHING—MACHINERY OF FLESH AND BLOOD AND HIGH PRESSURE.



AS A YEARLING, WHEN SHE FETCHED £9555: IMMATURE, BUT MAKING FOR PERFECTION WITH TIME AND TRAINING.

Continued.
strong canter. She is a grey, and is named after the wife of the seventeenth-century Maharajah Shah-Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal as a memorial to his favourite queen. At the Doncaster sales last year she was bought for £9555—a price more than twice as much as that paid for any other yearling sold at a public auction during the year. She was bred at the famous Stedmere Stud, in

Yorkshire, and is trained by R. Dawson. Mumtaz owes her wonderful capacity for speed largely to the abnormal development of her quarters, which is even more marked than that of her sire, The Tetrarch, and gives her extraordinary propelling power. She was entered for the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood on August 3, and there was keen interest in the question whether she would stay the six furlongs.

Life at its Cheapest: In the Ruthless East.

"THE CHARM OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM": By JAMES REID MARSH.*

IN MOUKDEN, Mr. James Reid Marsh heard things strange to him—the destruction of girl babies amongst them. "Is it really true?" he asked a more experienced foreign colleague. The answer, given



WITH STRANGE PLOUGH-MATES: A FARMER AT WORK.

Reproduced from "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

diffidently but definitely, was: "There is no alternative in a civilisation such as this. It is man-made, and it has gone man-mad. A father finds that he has brought more mouths into the world than he has food to feed. What can he do but destroy? And, having decided on destruction, whom shall he kill? Obviously, what he conceives to be the passive principle in life, the negative rather than the positive. And this he takes to be woman, merely because she is passive, as all the world knows. . . ."

The newcomer could not believe. He was taken to the Temple of Fertility, at night, when the moon stood high in the cobalt heavens. "Here unfortunate mothers might bring unfortunate children, deposit them, and slink away in the darkness. Hardly were they gone before gaunt forms rose up from the dark places of the street. The dogs were ravenous as wolves." The rest is better imagined than told. "When we reached a corner of the garden the native separated the hedge with his fingers and pointed silently at a figure crouching before the little shrine. It was difficult to make out the sex of this person. But from the manner in which the white-swathed bundle lay in arms, we guessed that it was a woman. She deposited the bundle lightly on the cold stone and hastened away. All was as silent as death for the moment, or perhaps it was much more than a moment. Then a little wail broke on our ears, low and penetrating like the gurgle of falling water. A gaunt shadow rose up from the opposite wall and slunk templewards, seeking with terrible certainty its human prey."

Mr. Marsh drew his pistol and fired. The prowler fell, limply. "In another moment I had gone over the hedge and was stooping near the little bundle in white. . . . I could see nothing distinctly. I only felt warmth and movement against my hands."

"The Consul chuckled a sort of desperate chuckle when I lifted the bundle towards him over the hedge. 'Le prenez,' he said to his native."

"It will cost you twenty-five dollars," the Consul said with mock seriousness.

"Twenty-five dollars?" I echoed, with all the breath I then had at my command.

"The mission will take it for that amount, and keep it and clothe it and feed it, and finally turn it out into the world again to be married and beaten. . . . For a time even the mission folk stationed a man near here to do as you have done. But money is not illimitable, nor is the capacity of houses. . . . You will not do it again. You will learn to avoid such sights. . . . and from that day on I did avoid sights."

That, however, did not prevent the seeing of things, although it may be chiefly responsible for the "charm" of Mr. Marsh's title!

Life, in fact, is very cheap, dirt cheap, in the Middle Kingdom. One day, at Tientsin, the author met an old executioner, a user of the sword, and asked him how many souls he had freed. The answer, freely translated, was, "I lopped off ten thousand; then I lost count"; and he, be it noted, had never descended to the torture of the seven cuts: he merely "hit." Without hesitation, indeed, he classed as a murderer a former Cantonese Governor who rid his province of lepers by inviting them all to a banquet in a cellar, shooting them after they had feasted, and shovelling the earth upon them.

Can aught else be expected in a land which refuses to grow up and exists on Oriental tradition? Writing of the Emperor's tombs at Moukden, Mr. Marsh

notes: "The resting place of the Manchu King is beneath a huge mound of earth faced with mortar. . . . Jewels of immense value were sent by God's representative on earth, the great Dalai Lama himself, and these were buried with the Emperor. All his gold and silver plate was interred with unprecedented pomp and pageantry. . . . The coffin was borne by eighty men, who walked with it into the very bowels of the earth. Hardly had the cover of the sarcophagus been set in place before the iron doors closed for ever, and eighty poor humans who had never done anyone harm were entombed with their King. It was the old story of 'dead men tell no tales.' The royal family were unwilling to trust the knowledge of the jewels to anyone outside their circle. . . ."

"For a thousand years the burial place of the Mongol Kings was unknown. And it was only acci-



WHERE THE MANY GRAVES ARE A HINDRANCE TO RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT: A LINE PIERCING THE GREAT WALL AT SHANHAIKWAN.

Reproduced from "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

dentally discovered. With the discovery of the underground tombs, documents were also discovered pertaining to the manner of secreting the dead. The Mongols were high-spirited folk who paused at nothing. When a King died, ten thousand soldiers were selected to flank the funeral cortège on either side to the distance of three miles. Every human being—man, woman, and child—was shot down until the final resting-place was reached. Here the King was entombed, and a thousand wild horses let loose over the ground to obliterate all trace of the interment."

Appropriately enough, close to the Manchu tombs is a nine-hole golf course. One of the holes is known as 'the grave,' and another as 'the skeleton.' "The grave hole is just that—

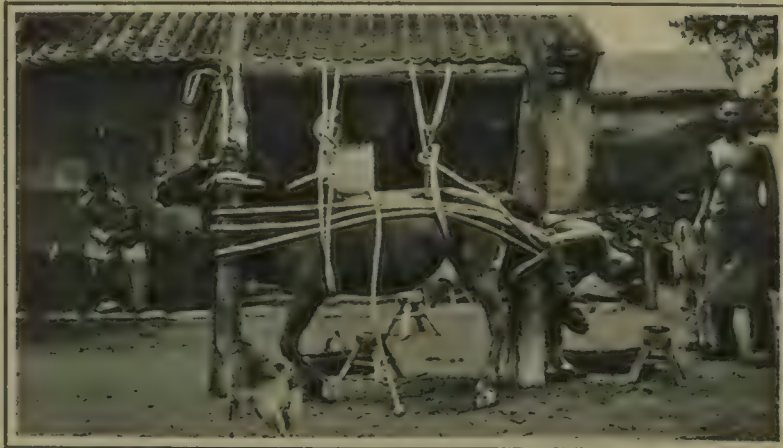
an open grave with the oblong box very much in evidence. The skeleton hole is just that also." This is the less surprising when it is recalled that "one authority with a genius for figures calculated that a twelfth of the arable soil is given over to the repose of the dead. . . . Point your finger where it listeth, and it must designate a grave; and graves are sacred, for the dead are more knowing, because closer to devils, than the living."

Even the opium-smugglers use the dead! Mr. Marsh went on a river raid. The suspected junk was boarded and the searchers dropped into the hold. "Prone on the floor were three immense coffins, over which six or seven nearly naked men were labouring under the orders of one only a shade more clothed than they. The men were binding the coffins round and round with a kind of oiled silk. They might have been so many Egyptian undertakers sheathing mummies." A challenge and a command, and the native chief had the middle box opened. "When the lid was removed nothing more than the shrivelled face of a very old man met our eyes." But the others! "It was but the work of moments to rip off the filmy silk and pry the lids from their places. The sight that met our eyes was good to see. The odour from eight hundred pounds of raw Persian opium rose to our already jaded nostrils. . . . The smuggler, no doubt, is still commandeering corpses for his nefarious trade."

Only one of many ways of opium-smuggling, this. At Moukden a Russian ex-officer, who evidently knew what he was talking about, volunteered the statement that possibly the Chinese Customs Administration captured about a tenth of the illicit drug! Money talks; and, asserted the informant, "the bulk of it doesn't come this way at all. . . . Do you happen to know the treaty rights on Indian cotton? . . . Indian cotton, by treaty stipulation, goes into Shanghai baled. Which means that it is exempt from examination. Of course, one of your officers can run a steel probe into a bale. I must correct my grammar. He may run it in, if he can. Did you ever attempt to run a probe into a bale of India machine-pressed cotton? . . . Well, it can't be done. . . . So we simply introduce a quantity of the stuff into each bale. . . . That is the big method. The lesser ones are more amusing. . . . Why are so many Japanese women travelling up and down the line? Because they have such a gorgeous sufficiency of hair. Being accustomed to carrying burdens on their crowns, a mere matter of a few ounces of the drug is easily met. Soldiers' rifles have many advantages. The muzzles can be plugged and so cut off the smell. . . . Opium is exceedingly pungent."

From which quotations it must not be assumed that Mr. Marsh is playing Fat Boy; seeking to make the flesh creep. He deals with many other and pleasanter matters; but it is this particular phase which will remain longest in the memory; for it indicates and underlines the difficulties before those dealing with China, especially with the present China, a restless Republic without a head, and seemingly without a policy; "a tempestuous fairyland" where the cities are provincial and the villages are tombs. Much, very much, will have to be done; but it is well to note that Mr. Marsh is constrained to write: "China is fast putting away her devils, an example set her by the Western world. Who will give her a god?"

Altogether, "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom" is a very enlightening book. Many will read it, thrilled and fascinated—to learn, and to wonder what will be the outcome of it all. E. H. G.



IN THE MIDDLE KINGDOM: A CITY BLACKSMITH AT WORK.

Reproduced from "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

* "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom." By James Reid Marsh. With fifty-three illustrations. (Hurst and Blackett; 22s. 6d.)



THE SHINING MORNING FACE: "GAINSBOROUGH'S DAUGHTERS."

Dealing with this picture, about the time of its sale last May, the "Times" wrote as follows: "The tender morning freshness, the candour and aloofness of childhood absorbed in half-remembered dreams, have never been more beautifully expressed than in the portrait of Gainsborough's Daughters, which has just been sold at Messrs. Christie's. . . . The special revelation of this portrait and its two or three fellows is an essence distilled only in our land and apprehended only by the finest

English sensibility. This sensibility is as much part of England as our landscape, as Gray or Keats. . . . We mean a look, an air, a tone, something which lies too deep for analysis, but yet is unmistakable. . . . Words cannot picture in what this Englishness of look consists, though now and then a master will flash the look itself on us with such a stroke as 'shining morning face.' . . . Gainsborough alone had the genius which sustainedly could catch and give enduring preference to this subtle quality."

FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. (REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER AND CO., 15, OLD BOND STREET, W.)

Where the Indian Immigrant is a Problem: KENYA—ITS NATIVE TRIBES.

By R. ST. BARBE BAKER, Late Assistant Conservator of Forests, Kenya Colony.

KENYA Colony has been very much in evidence of late because of discussions which have taken place with regard to certain Indian claims, as a result of which an apparently insoluble problem has arisen which the genius of our Empire-builders has got to solve. This article will not be concerned with the political aspect, but will try to throw some light upon native customs of the tribes who inhabit these parts.

Kenya Colony, formerly British East Africa, is about twice the size of Great Britain, and lies immediately north of the old German East Africa, now known as Tanganyika Territory, and south of Somaliland. On the west it is bounded by Lake Victoria and the Protectorate of Uganda.

Although about 9000 British have made their homes there, the bulk of the population is, of course, African, for there are about 2,750,000 natives. These consist of the Kavirondo, Kikuyu, Marsai, Wa Kamba, Wa Nikya, Nandi, Lumbwa, and others, mainly pastoralists and agriculturists, while the Swahili, who are giving their language to the rest of the colony,

invasion of bicycles and motor-cars, their tribal customs still hold sway. Belief in ancestral spirits and sacred trees has not been destroyed. During the centuries that they have been cut off from the rest of the world, they have evolved a social system and moral code of their own which has served them in the past and may continue to meet their requirements. It would be a mistake to think of treating these people as we might the cannibals of the South Sea Islands. It is true they have no literature; but folk-lore and tradition are passed on by the Elders of the tribes, from whom are elected the Kiama, or Native Council.

The people I have been living with most recently are known as the Kikuyu, and I have found many traces in story and folk-lore of prophecies relating to the coming of the White Man who has now settled in their midst. As an instance of one of these I shall cite the story of Munei. Many years ago, not far from Nairobi, which is the capital of Kenya Colony, there lived a medicine man by the name of Munei, who was considered to be very wise and was much respected by his tribe. He had been given credit for curing many kinds of disease, and he was thought to be almost infallible when it came to detecting an evil-doer if it were necessary to bring him to justice. On one occasion a number of Elders went to him to ask him to use his magic to bring rain. Munei agreed to do so, and ordered a fat ox to be brought and slain. As was the custom, the feast was being prepared, but before the meat was cooked the rain came down in torrents. Munei told all the Elders to return to their homes quickly, and they set out to do so, in spite of the torrential downpour. That same night Munei slept and dreamt a dream, which so moved him that he was forced to go and tell the Elders about it. When he came to them he addressed them as follows: "Listen well to my words. I am an old man, and I have been known amongst you from my youth. I have cured many of your sick, and when you have had sheep or goats stolen by evil men I have had the culprits found. Yesterday you came to me to make a request. You asked me for rain, and rain

has come. I then slept, and while I slept Mungu [meaning God] told me to tell you that I should die, and that after a time a new people would come into this land—a people with pink faces and pink ears—



READY FOR CUSTOM, IN A STREET AT MOMBASA:
AN INDIAN CONJURER.

With no stage and no visible apparatus, these conjurers can—a sufficient collection having been previously obtained—perform feats that baffle ordinary explanation. With the Indian immigrants into Kenya, many of them have crossed from the Peninsula.

inhabit the coast. Besides all these, there are wandering tribes such as the Wa Nbrobo and Wasanya: the former inhabit the forests of the uplands, and the latter the forests of the coast. Both tribes subsist precariously by means of their bows and arrows.

Although the white settler in Kenya Colony is intimate with many of these peoples, it may be of interest to the readers of *The Illustrated London News* to hear a little more of some of these interesting tribes. The British, when they first came into their midst, were welcomed by the natives, who were willing to learn and obey their laws. In the past much of their time had been occupied in tribal warfare, but to-day they live at peace with each other under British administration.

The study of native tribes is all-absorbing, and the more one gets to know of the native the more one realises how much there is to be known.

Not so very long ago these primitive peoples were invaded at once by the latest means of transportation and communication. The Uganda Railway opened up their territories, and in a short time tribal barriers became as obsolete as the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy. To-day these peoples, who not so many decades ago were living in constant fear of hostile invasion, pass freely across each other's boundaries, and carry on trade and commerce for their mutual benefit.

Let us imagine for a moment what a tremendous change has come about, involving the revolution of ideas and broadening their outlook upon life. Admittedly it is mainly the surface of things which has been affected. In spite of the fact that they have accepted the



BEFORE THE RAILWAY, THE ROAD: AN OX-WAGON, MUCH USED IN KENYA COLONY FOR PURPOSES OF HEAVY TRANSPORT—WITH A MOTOR-CAR IN TOW.

Before the railway comes the road, and, though of late years Kenya Colony has been much opened out, there are many parts where loads can only be taken by wagons drawn, as in our picture, by long teams of oxen.

and when those people come you must listen well to their words and obey them, for they are a wise people and will bring you good." Soon after delivering this prophecy Munei died, and was buried with all the honours due to his office. Years afterwards, when the first Europeans arrived, the Elders conferred; and concluded that these were the people referred to by Munei. This is one of the many stories connected with the prophecies as to the coming of the Europeans, and, as far as I know, they are all favourable to their coming.

Generally speaking, the impression one gets when living among these people is that they are always cheerful. It is true that they have their domestic problems—which more often than not have something to do with goats or Bibis (native women)—but these are not allowed to interfere with their dancing. They have all manner of dances for different seasons of the year, but one which is of particular interest is the night dance, or M'goiyu. A large circle of fires is kindled, and the dancers form up with their partners around the circle, the men looking outwards towards the night. In England an unskilled dancer will occasionally stand on the foot of his partner, but throughout this dance the woman persistently stands on the feet of the man, with her hands clasped round his waist, while he places his hands in a protective manner upon her shoulders. The only motion consists of a rhythmic movement of the shoulders of the male, while he chants weird songs with apparently little meaning, or others more subtle in their interpretation. These dances are sometimes indulged in at the meetings of the Watu wa Miti, the Forest Scouts of Kenya, and in place of the meaningless songs are sung new ones relating to tree-planting. These people were formerly known as the Forest Destroyers, by reason of the fact that they devastated large areas of forest to make their cultivations, which were abandoned after two crops had been taken off. This process was repeated to such an extent that the countryside had been almost denuded of trees and a wood famine was imminent. To-day thousands of these people have banded themselves together with the aim and object of tree-planting.

The relation between the Kenya native and the European settler is a happy one. There is no forced labour here. In return for labour, the native receives wages which go to buy the many little luxuries of life he has learnt to enjoy. In many cases whole families live on the plantations, and the children are encouraged to go to school.



WITH A GROUP OF INDIAN DOCKERS: A STREET SCENE IN MOMBASA.

To a native population of nearly three millions, and a British settlement of about 9000, Kenya Colony has added a third class in a considerable immigration from India. The question of restricting this immigration, and that of the status and representation of the Indians, have lately received much attention, and entire agreement has apparently not been reached even with the recent decision of the Government upon the matter.

FRIENDS OF THE "PINK-FACED, PINK-EARED" SETTLER: NATIVES OF KENYA.



LADIES OF KIKUYU—OF CONFERENCE FAME: READY FOR THE TRIBAL DANCE.



IN BORROWED FINERY, WHICH INCLUDES POLICE WHISTLES: CHILDREN DRESSED FOR A CEREMONY IN EVERY ORNAMENT THAT FAMILY OR FRIENDS CAN FURNISH.

The natives of Kenya Colony are unlike the Indian immigrants, in presenting no particular race-problem. On the best of terms with the white settlers, whose coming was long ago prophesied, according to legend, by a medicine man's dream of "a wise people, with pink faces and pink ears," whose advent would be good for the tribes, they still preserve many of their native customs. Every season has its own dance, for instance, though the "Night Dance," or M'goiyu, is uniform. In this, to tread on a partner's toe calls for no apology; indeed, it is obligatory for the

lady to stand during the entire dance on her opposite's foot, while he, holding her as he sways to the rhythm of the music, chants aloud his own words to it. Tribal barriers have been swept away by the coming of roads and railways, but ancestral spirits and sacred trees are still believed in. Many of the younger generation have been enlisted into the Forest Scouts, whose "good deed" it is to plant a tree daily, or in some other way to help to conserve the formerly diminishing wealth of the country's woods.



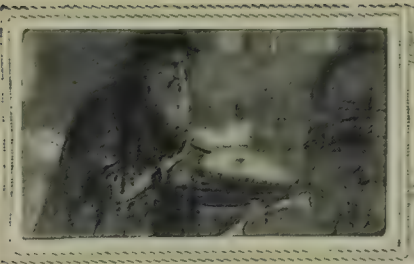
FOR PRESENTATION TO THE KING: "THE 'BRITANNIA' RACING IN THE SOLENT IN HARD WEATHER."

A ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURE BY NORMAN WILKINSON.


This picture of the "Britannia" racing in the Solent was exhibited in the Academy last year by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Marine Painter to the Royal Yacht Squadron. The famous old cutter is shown as having just rounded the West Lepe Buoy, where a heavy squall has struck her as she bears away for a reach up the West Channel. On the initiative of the editor of "The Yachtsman and Motor-Boating" (through whose courtesy we are able to give the above reproduction), a fund was raised to purchase the painting

for presentation to the King by British yachtsmen, as a token of loyal appreciation of his Majesty's active patronage of the sport. The presentation is to be made on board the Royal Yacht during Cowes Week, by a representative deputation of yachtsmen. The moment is particularly appropriate, as his Majesty, by re-commissioning the "Britannia," has restored the "big-class" racing to its pre-war status of popularity.—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

AFTER THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, O.B.E., R.O.I., R.I. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "THE YACHTSMAN AND MOTOR-BOATING."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



KESTRELS, BEES, AND CLOVER.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHEN, on July 17, the new Wild Birds Protection Bill, of Viscount Grey of Falloden, came before the House of Lords, an amendment was proposed, by Lord Somerleyton, to exclude the kestrel from the schedule of birds which are to be protected throughout the whole year, "both as respects the

dependence of the plant upon the insect was furnished when the experiment was made of growing the red clover in New Zealand, years ago. There being no indigenous bees capable of pollinating the blossoms, it was found impossible to raise any seed. But now that humble-bees, imported from this country, have become naturalised in New Zealand, the seeds are "set" with complete success. Our wild heartsease, by the way, is another flower which is dependent upon the humble-bee for its existence.

It is true that the kestrel will occasionally take young pheasants: this is where they are being reared in hundreds, and temptingly displayed. I know of one estate where rearing on this scale takes place. But the owner is a keen bird-lover, and he forbids the shooting either of hawks or owls. Where a kestrel—and every season one or more pairs are nesting on the estate—having taken one or two chicks, returns again for more, it is shot, lest it set a bad example. This is very different from shooting them "at sight" as "vermin."

But the kestrel, in killing the mice, which kill the bees, which fertilise the clover, is performing yet another service for the unappreciative farmer. For these same mice devour vast quantities of his corn. And this is a loss not only to the farmer, but to the community at large.

And now a word as to the humble-bees, to which we are so much indebted. These are represented, with us, by several species, displaying considerable variations in coloration, as between individuals of the same species, as well as in size. Mice and voles are among their inveterate enemies, levying a very heavy toll upon the stores of food, as well as upon the luscious larvæ.

But is it really the farmer who has suddenly become alarmed at this proposed legislation for the more efficient protection of the kestrel? It sounds more, much more, like the plaint of the game-keeper. To him, hawks and owls, of all kinds, are mere "vermin." A hateful term, and in this connection, a monstrously unjust one. Look at any keeper's "museum," and you will find a ghastly array of corpses, most of which, so far from testifying to his zeal and acumen, are witnesses to his deplorable stupidity. He cannot distinguish between his friends and his enemies, and, for this very reason, incurs the very losses his insensate folly sought to prevent. Mice and rats are his worst enemies. He fondly imagines that his frantic efforts to raise the largest possible head of pheasants will meet with complete success if only he can exterminate every hawk, owl, stoat, and weasel. Yet all these, all the time, are doing their best to rid him of his unseen foes—mice and rats. The last-named levy a heavy toll upon both the eggs and chicks of his precious pheasants. The farmers first, and the rest of us afterwards, suffer in consequence.

But, besides, their resources are tapped by various species of *Psithyrus*, or "cuckoo-bees." These, except by the expert, are indistinguishable from the ordinary humble-bee, who is made to play the part of "host," the subterranean species being chiefly victimised. Each species mimics the coloration of its host, from which it can be distinguished only by its somewhat greater size and the absence of the apparatus for collecting pollen. But only males and large females occur: there are no "workers."

The *Psithyrus* is never refused admission to the nest, and is allowed to build her own cells for the reception of her eggs. Further than this, she does not go. Her young, when hatched, are fed by the workers of the rightful owners of the nest. Mr. O. H. Latter, an acknowledged authority on bees, tells us that she does not bestir herself till the morning is far advanced, and returns, empty-handed, early in the evening. She may even, in the middle and latter part of the season, assume to herself the privileges of the lawful "queen," and stay at home all day, moving about within the nest as is the way with the "queen"; but, instead of laying eggs, eating up the stores of honey and pollen intended for others. It is this wholesale robbery of stores which causes the marked diminution of the *Bombus* population.



EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE: PELLETS CAST BY A TAWNY, OR "BROWN OWL," FROM AN ESTATE WHERE GAME IS PLENTIFUL. Two whole pellets, and one broken up, are shown. The bones below are those of the mole, field-mouse, and field-vole. Owls and kestrels rarely touch young pheasants, and in shooting them the keeper loses a natural ally against the mice and rats which are his real enemies.

birds themselves, and as respects their nests and eggs." And in support of his amendment he "adduced evidence from farmers as to the damage done by the kestrel to game, young turkeys, chickens, ducklings, and"—as if this were not enough—"other young stock"!

But there and then the kestrel found a champion in Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Of his own knowledge he was able to show that the "evidence" of farmers was, on this matter, worthless. If the farmers, indeed, had their way, they would most certainly have cause to rue it, but not till it was too late. For the kestrel, as Lord Montagu pointed out, does "much more good than harm to the agricultural world." And this because it is the kestrel which kills the mice, which kill the bees, which fertilise the clover! In the term "mice" he included the field-mice and voles, which (and this is not surprising) have a great fondness for the honey and larvæ which are to be had at the trouble of digging out the underground nests of the various species of "humble-bees," which alone among our native insects are able to fertilise the flowers of the red clover.

Though Darwin, more than half a century ago, pointed out this relationship between bees and clover, yet even to-day, incredible as it seems, few people are aware of the fact. One would have supposed that the farmers would themselves have discovered this highly important piece of information. This applies only to the common red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), wherein the corolla is too long to be reached by the tongue of the hive-bee. Other kinds of clover the humble-bee has to share with the hive-bee. One hundred heads of red clover, Darwin tells us, produced 2700 seeds; but the same number of flower-heads, protected against insect fertilisation, produced not a single seed. A still more striking proof of the

both. But most of them have no idea whatever that the bill-of-fare of the hawks and owls on his domain can easily be ascertained. And this by the simple expedient of examining the "pellets" which these birds periodically disgorge round about their roosting and nesting places. They do not know that such evidence is obtainable, because they do not know these pellets when they see them. These bodies, cylindrical in shape, and variable in size, are made up of the fur, feathers, and bones of the victims they have devoured. They can be picked up by the dozen where the birds have evaded the gun, or where more intelligent minds have rule. At the moment I have no kestrel pellets at hand, but I have a number which have been disgorged by a tawny owl, and two or three of these are shown in the above photograph. They are mainly composed of the skeletons of moles, field-mice, and voles. But the broken shards of beetles, and the feathers of some small member of the finch tribe, apparently a sparrow, leave no room for doubt as to the food of this particular bird. I have examined many scores of such pellets of kestrels and other hawks, as well as of owls. The kestrel and the owls, at any rate, always tell the same tale.



NOT A PAYING GUEST: THE "CUCKOO-BEE" (LEFT), AND ITS GUILTESS HOST, THE HUMBLE-BEE, WITH TWO FEMALES BELOW.

The "cuckoo-bee," though rather larger than its host, and with darker wings, is invariably admitted to the home. Here it does nothing of any sort but consume the honey and pollen stores, while even its young have to be fed by the "workers" of the humble-bees.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

At the approach of autumn the young females of these "cuckoo-bees," having mated, seek out various snug retreats, there to hibernate till the warm breath of spring arouses them; when they carry on the evil ways of their mother.

THE HOME OF THE KING'S FIRST MARRIED SON: WHITE LODGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK.



The West Wing Corridor.



The Drawing Room.



The Dining Room.



The Billiard Room.



Another View of the Duke's Sitting Room.

WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK HAVE MADE THEIR HOME: WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.

The Duke and Duchess of York are so universally popular that the glimpses into their domestic arrangements afforded by these photographs cannot fail to appeal to our readers. Particularly noticeable is the evidence of the Duke's interest in that latest wonder of science, broadcasting, as shown by the radio apparatus in his sitting-room. The exterior of White Lodge, with its grounds, was illustrated in our Royal Wedding Number of April 28 last. As we then said: "For the Duke and his bride their new home will be a house of many memories. It was there that the Queen spent most of her girlhood, for it was for 28 years the residence of her mother, the late Princess Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. King

Edward then lent White Lodge to Mrs. Hartmann; and on her death to Lord Farquhar, then Master of the Household, who has now relinquished his tenancy to the Duke of York. . . . In 1858 King Edward (then Prince of Wales) went there to study; and in 1861 Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort lived there for several months. Six years later King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) used it for week-end visits." It was originally a hunting-box of George I., and the present house was built by Queen Caroline, wife of George II. Scott made the garden the scene of her interview with Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian."



"THRICE CONSUMED AND THRICE REBUILT": THE BELFRY AT BRUGES.

Bruges, the City of Bridges, always the seat of an English artistic colony, is a place of pilgrimage for artists and those who love artistry, a magnet for the seeker after beauty. The original of our picture, by Mr. Ernest W. Haslehurst, R.B.A., was hung in last autumn's Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, where it attracted considerable notice. The Belfry, which leans slightly, dates from the thirteenth century, though an earlier building had existed.

As in Longfellow's verse, it has been "thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt." In view of its famous "carillon," restored in 1748, it is interesting to compare it with our own new Belfry, the unique War Memorial erected at Loughborough, of which we gave an illustration in our issue of last week. From the 350-ft. summit of the Bruges Belfry, a magnificent view extends in one direction to the sea, and in another over the ridge of Passchendaele, of glorious memory.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ERNEST W. HASLEHURST, R.B.A.; SHOWN AT THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1922.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST.—A BRITISH FILM-PRODUCER.

ONCE again the old controversy has arisen in the criticisms of Mr. George Moore's comedy, "The Coming of Gabrielle." Plainly, he has been told that his play is not of the stage; that it is not dramatic; that it is too wordy; that the action is hampered by lingering on side issues; that the interest is not continuous; that the characters are "bookish"; that his methods are not wholly skilful; that he even indulges in soliloquy—in brief, that "The Coming of Gabrielle" is a novelist's play, brilliantly written, amusing in parts, but on the whole not satisfactory.

A good deal of this is true; above all, the tribute paid to the style. It is sheer joy to listen to such dialogue—so direct, so melliluous, so aristocratic in form and choice of words; so scintillating with wit and mockery that sizes up people and things in a sentence as swift, straight, and penetrating as an arrow hitting the target. We have no English word to express its qualities: the French, in the palmy days of the Second Empire, called it *haute comédie*, which in my mind always conjured up the vision of an author penning his dialogue with a quill, not a fountain-pen, and in Court dress, frilled at shirt and flanked with an *épée*. If Mr. Moore's play had no other claim to excellence than its parlance, it should still be held up to the playwright of to-day as a model of the art of expression.

But that is not the only plea for the defence. The play is not undramatic, at any rate, in its conception; it merely becomes so in the third act, because the author did not find, in my humble opinion, the right solution, or did not express it so cogently as to convince us. What he meant to indicate, I take it, is that Gabrielle, an *amoureuse*, married the young and rather buffoonish secretary in preference to his middle-aged cousin, the distinguished novelist, because she found youth, with all it implies, more desirable than brain and maturity. But Mr. Moore, so outspoken in other parts of the play, was not clear in his finale. We find Gabrielle in the arms of the novelist as well as on the knees of the husband she married so farcically and illegally in Austria. Now, our sympathies were naturally with the distinguished author, perfect man of the world as well as perfect lover; and, as Gabrielle was not a stupid girl in her 'teens, but an Austrian countess who knew the world and all its ways, it was natural that we expected her to marry the novelist, with whom she had fallen in love through her admiration of his books. Moreover, the way was paved for this ending—not only happy, in the theatrical sense, but logical—since the marriage ceremony, performed by the priest with a visiting card for all legitimization, would have been invalid in Austria, of all countries in Europe, where birth certificates and other legal instruments are *de rigueur*. So from the audience's point of view the play—the first act of which was a masterly exposition, and the second act, which, despite its inordinate length, held us because the conflict became very interesting—ran off the rails in the third because the author rang his changes and became entangled in the meshes of his own invention. Yet I contend—and I think the producer would be on my side—that the cardinal fault lay not so much in structure as in the exuberance of dialogue. For even the third act could have been saved if a scythe had been applied to the thicket. But it may be surmised that the plea for curtailment was in vain; the play had to be acted as it stood or not to be acted at all. And it is here that the novelist was less well advised than the practised hand of the theatre. Had Leon M. Lion been allowed freedom to weed out the superfluous, the first two acts would have carried us away as by lightning express, and in the third the author would have found, what he is told now, that the end is awry and inconclusive. Nor would it hold good to say, "I defy convention; this is

my way, and in my eyes the only way." Audiences, and especially such an audience as that which filled the St. James's—the *élite* of literary and artistic "intelligentsia"—may be credited with some judgment and right appreciation, and if Mr. Moore were told that, fling out, not one of the many expressed satisfaction with the finale, it may be permissible to assume that for once *vox populi* was right and the *vox dei* of the author was wrong.

On the other hand, I entirely disagree with the critics who condemn Mr. Moore's detailed narrations of events which have nothing to do directly with the action. These digressions have the license permissible to masters: Alexandre Dumas' "speckled peach" tale in the "Demi-Monde" is unforgettable and still fascinating to-day; and when, in "Francillon," he indulges in the minute description of how a *salade russe* is to be mixed by recipe, no Frenchman raises

no response. When the mind is at work the lips are apt to do strange things. I remember in war time a very full 'bus speeding along Notting Hill Gate, and a burly man suddenly pulling the bell, exclaiming in Anglo-German jargon, "Ach, Gott! da bin ich im wrong 'pus!" That was soliloquy bursting forth from an agitated soul! Would critics have taken exception to this cry of reality?

Lastly, as to the characters. Were they not lifelike? I could have pointed to the foil of the novelist-hero—he was in the stalls, as precious as Moore painted him. Would not the secretary have been less lifelike if the actor had not elected to accentuate his comicality? Was Gabrielle herself not lifelike?—and each time I mean in the realistic sense of the stage. Did she not remind those who remember history of Pauline Metternich, who swayed the Tuileries?

I wager that if this play had not borne the famous signature of George Moore we should not have heard so much of the novelist-play. Having admitted the errors of structure, the inordinate length, the all-too-copious explanations—which, indeed, are novelistic peculiarities—there remains the fact that "Gabrielle" possesses the essentials of a play that would appeal to a far wider circle than *matinée* audiences, if the author had allowed the Escoffier touch which, with a twist of the spoon—a little taken out, a little added—turns a fairly well-cooked dish into what ladies call "a dream."

The other day at the private view of the new Gaumont film, "Fires of Fate," founded on Conan Doyle's story—a wonderful vision of the land of the Pharaohs—there was a rare outburst of enthusiasm. As a rule, our film private-viewers, let alone the trade-show *pâtrois*, are very reserved. If they show outward approbation at all, it is at the end of the exhibition. The rest is silence. But on this occasion the vivid pictures of the desert, the oasis, the broadness of the canvases, the great

outlook manifesting the master-mind of the producer, elicited sudden and well-deserved applause whilst the film was in progress. For this was a British film, and, in its breadth of conception, perhaps the finest, proudest thing yet attempted under our flag. For once we could well say as regards American competition: "We can deliver the goods when the right man is at the helm, and there is no stint of resources." Had the producer been there, he would have had an ovation. When I read the name, Tom Terriss, I thought of the young actor who was the son of his famous father, William Terriss, than whom no more romantic hero the modern English stage ever produced, save Lewis Waller. Tom, who, like his sire, had been a Jack of many trades before he landed on the stage under the wings of Benson, was not such a dominating personality as William, but in time he became a capital comedian. He went right through the mill—legitimate, pantomime, East London melodrama (in the palmy days of Isaac Cohen, at the Pavilion, Whitechapel), and musical comedy. In due course tempting offers from America lured him to the other side, where he became popular and made his name in musical comedies, but more particularly as a Dickens interpreter. His romantic disposition drew him to the film, and as he graduated on the stage, so he worked his way up in the film world. He was at home in all the great producing centres of the States; he studied at the feet of the masters, such as Griffith. Anon he became a producer. The public over here knows little of his earlier efforts, but his reputation travelled in front of him, and when once again he came home on a visit, he found the Gaumonts ready to give him *carte blanche*. Hence "Fires of Fate," which will, when released, be the talk of London, and secure for Tom Terriss a captaincy among the great producers of the hour.



"FROM THE BIRTH OF PLANETS TO THE AGE OF MAN":
PICTURES FROM THE FILM "EVOLUTION."

"Evolution," which was exhibited privately the other day, is an ambitious scientific film from the United States, and seeks to illustrate "the endless sweep of steady change . . . from the birth of planets to the age of Man." It was produced by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, who acknowledges indebtedness to the co-operation of the New York Zoological Society and the American Museum of Natural History.

By Courtesy of the Mineto Co., and Mr. Charles Urban.

protest; for often on the stage it does not so much matter what is relevant, as the manner in which it is expressed. And the secretary's tale in the first act, as well as the novelist's own narrative of his methods to beguile the outer world, are exquisite *jeux d'esprit* which I for one would not care to miss.

Again, it seems churlish to chide the author because he allows brief speeches in soliloquy. Soliloquy, in a way, is old-fashioned; but our author would be right in saying that it is quite human and common in certain phases of life, when the soul is full to bursting, to utter a few words aloud, even if no one be present to listen or the reflection demand



"Mr. Mayo took me into an apartment where we could breathe more freely."—[DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.]

SET A THIEF. I. THE AGONY COLUMN.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

Mr. Albert Mayo—sometimes referred to as the Rev. Albert Mayo—is the fascinating central character in "Set a Thief," the series of detective stories by Ralph Durand, which we are now opening in "The Illustrated London News," and shall continue at intervals. Mayo once served a term of penal servitude—the appropriate result of a highly successful career of crime—but he subsequently became a revivalist preacher, and won fame as an amateur detective. At first people scoffed at him and called him a hypocrite, but Scotland Yard often called him in, and found him invaluable to them. He used to say of himself that, as a revivalist preacher, he was more interested in the saving of souls than the protection of property, and he made the stipulation that in helping "The Yard," he was at liberty to find as many extenuating circumstances for the criminal as possible.]

I WAS much annoyed at the attitude of the Scotland Yard detective to whom I reported the theft of my overcoat, with a wallet in the breast pocket containing £40 in Treasury notes. He seemed more amused than concerned at my misfortune, and said that he much doubted whether I should ever see my property again. This, I told myself, is the sort of man that we overburdened taxpayers have to support! It did not occur to me till some days later that it may perhaps suit the purposes of Scotland Yard officials to wear an air of stupidity and indifference.

This is the account that I gave him of my loss. I came up from Harrow on the afternoon of the previous day, Sunday, March 28, to hear the revivalist preacher, Mayo, about whom people were talking a good deal. I am not interested as a rule in people who think they have a mission, but it was reported that he was an ex-convict; he was certainly drawing large congregations, and it had occurred to me, as a publisher, that if I could persuade him to let me publish a book of his reminiscences, it might be a good stroke of business.

When I got to Baker Street Station a sudden heavy downpour of rain had cleared the cab-rank. I got into a No. 2 omnibus that I was told passed close to Eglinton Street Mission Hall. The conductor did not know the place, but a man sitting beside me said that he was going there himself, and would take me to it. When I was asked for my fare I found myself in an awkward situation. I had no change about me! I tendered a £1 note, but the conductor could not change it. In my embarrassment, I foolishly let the conductor see that I had a considerable sum of money on me. My idea was to show him that I was a man of means who would not be likely to try and cadge a ride for nothing. The passenger who had offered to conduct me to the Mission Hall took a ticket for me. When we entered the Hall he seated himself in the same pew as myself. After the courtesy he had shown me, it would have been ungracious to let him see that I would have preferred to sit by myself.

We both took off our overcoats, folded them and placed them under the seat. Then the place began to fill, and we were obliged to move along the pew to make room for some women. Separation from my overcoat worried me at first, but I soon forgot it in my interest in the preacher. He had the face of a prize-fighter, the eyes of a fanatic, a tousled mop of thick grey hair, and a voice of a most wonderful range. At times it was as tender as a mother's; at times it thundered like an organ. And his language had a curious piquancy. It was pure and grammatical when he warmed to his subject, but occasionally, when at a loss for a word, he let slip a phrase more often heard in a public house than in a pulpit. His subject was Temperance, and he spoke, not as a man authorised to rebuke sin, but like one who has fallen into a pit and cries to others to avoid it.

I was so much moved, and so eager to lay my business proposition before him before I was forestalled, that I remained in my seat when the others left, intending to speak to him and arrange a meeting. But others were evidently waiting for him—grown men with tears in their eyes, and some of them men who carried the stamp of education and culture—so I decided to let the matter wait till a more convenient opportunity. When I looked under the seat for my

coat it was not there, but in its place I found the coat worn by the man who had conducted me to the chapel. It could have belonged to no one else, for we two were the only men in the crowded pew.

"Don't you think your coat may have been taken by mistake?" suggested the detective.

"It's most unlikely. They were of the same colour, but mine was new and the other very shabby. If it were a mistake, the man could have sent me a post-card last night. My name and address was on the season ticket with the Treasury notes in the wallet."

"Did you speak to the pew-opener?"

"Naturally! And I called at the chapel again this morning."

"Do you know the numbers of the notes?"

"Who bothers to take the numbers of notes that may pass from hand to hand for a year before they are paid into a bank?"

"Have you seen Mr. Mayo about your loss?"

"What would be the use?"

"Your man may be a regular attendant at the chapel. Lots of ex-thieves and people with shady pasts go there. People like that, weak-minded, impulsive people, are always liable to give way again to sudden temptation. Mr. Mayo might even recognise the coat if you showed it him. Have you got it with you?"

"No. I thought you would send a detective to my house to look at it."

"We have too much to do to make unnecessary journeys at the public expense. You'll have to bring the coat here. But before doing that, if you take my advice, you'll show it to Mr. Mayo. He knows half the thieves in London; knows them better than myself, even. And he's a very smart detective, too, when he can be got to take up a case. In fact, he often helps this department a lot; it was he that put us on the right track in the Mallard Diamond Case and the Pots Green Murder. He ought to help you for the credit of his chapel and congregation. After you have seen him, bring the coat on to me, and I'll see what I can do for you. Ask for Detective Simmons when you come again. But I daresay your own coat will have turned up by the time you get home."

I was not so sanguine, and I was not surprised to find on my return that no news had been received. Next morning, taking the thief's coat with me, I called on Mr. Mayo. I was received in a sitting-room that looked as if no one ever sat in it. The mantelpiece ornaments were such as one sees on street-hawkers' barrows. Illuminated texts, crudely coloured, were on the walls. The furniture was upholstered with red plush, and I leaned well forward on the chair offered me, lest I should disturb the precise alignment of the antimacassar. When Mr. Mayo learned my business, he took me into an apartment where one could breathe more freely. There was a litter of pipes on the mantelpiece. Books and papers strewn the table, and even lay in heaps by the side of the shabby, much-used arm-chairs. Here, free from the fear of doing anything liable to desecrate the solemnity of that awful sitting-room, I felt more at my ease—until the revivalist-detective began to talk! Had I not been anxious to recover my property, and still more anxious to talk business with him, I would not have tolerated the way he spoke to me.

"I don't know as it wouldn't serve you right if you lost the money," he said brusquely. "You've got no right to go flashin' a 'andful of money in a public place, temptin' poor coves. Why 'adn't you got no change?"

"Because it was a Sunday. From my childhood I have had the habit of honouring the day by wearing clothes other than those I wear on a week-day. I forgot to put small change in my trousers pocket when I dressed, except, of course, the shilling for the offertory at morning service."

Mr. Mayo took a grimy piece of foolscap from the litter on his table and made a note of this explanation, though I could not see that it had any bearing whatever on my loss.

"An' why didn't you carry the wallet in a coat that you don't 'ave to take off, where it would be safer?"

"It was too bulky. It would have spoiled the set of the coat."

Mr. Mayo grunted. "Let's 'ave a squint at the coat," he said. "Tailor's mark faded, so as you can't read it. This coat's been in commission twenty years or so. Good cloth, but getting near the end of its days. Look at the darns. That don't look like the coat of a man 'oo's on the cross as a regular thing. A crook as a rule don't 'ave a wife to mend 'is clobber for 'im, an' 'e'd rather be 'anging round a music-'all lookin' for the chance to make the price of a new coat than stay at 'ome mendin' an old one. Let's see what's in the pockets."

The first article disclosed—from a ticket-pocket—was a crumpled piece of thin yellow paper.

"Excess fare receipt, Pinner to Baker Street, bearin' yesterday's date," said Mr. Mayo when he had examined it. "Your man's been travelling first class with a third class ticket and got nabbed by the Inspector. That's not a thing a regular crook would do. 'E wouldn't want to advertise 'is whereabouts, an' perhaps be brought up before a beak who knows more about 'im than is 'ealthy. It's more likely that your man meant to travel third class, met a pal on the platform better off than 'imself, an', bein' a man who, though poor, likes to keep up appearances, got into a first with him an' paid up the difference when the Inspector caught him."

He replaced the receipt where he had found it, and from the breast pocket drew an envelope in which were two cuttings from the advertisement columns of different newspapers. As each cutting was taken from about the middle of the column I could not have told from what newspapers they were taken. But Mr. Mayo, after a critical glance at the type, identified them as belonging to the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Times* cutting was from the Personal Column, and contained ten miscellaneous advertisements. The first was an invitation to people to make their spare time profitable by selling Barlow's Self-Heating Curling Irons on commission. In the one below M. assured X. that his (or her) love was really true. In the next Mr. Henry Manning gave notice that he would not be responsible for his wife's debts. A text followed; then an offer of liberal terms for disused clothes and jewellery. A firm of solicitors advertised for a next-of-kin, and a lady of title that she would chaperon one or more girls in the coming season. The last three were announcements that Agnes had forgiven Charlie, that one of the new poor wished to dispose privately of a valuable collection of old plate, and that the Spurling Literary Agency was in touch with all leading publishers and editors, and could obtain better prices for literary work than any other agency.

The first advertisement of the *Daily Telegraph* cutting was that of a doctor who required assistance in his practice; the second was an appeal for funds for a hospital; the third the offer of the services in any capacity of an ex-officer who could drive a car, was fond of outdoor life, and had a fluent knowledge of French; and the last an invitation to a gentleman to join a big-game hunting expedition.

The only other article found in the pockets of the great-coat was a hypodermic syringe.

"Looks like your man is one of these dope-fiends, a morphia maniac or something. If that's the case, the sooner 'e's locked up the better for 'imself an' everybody else. Murder an' suicide is what that leads to. Well, I daresay I can find 'im for you if we agree to terms."

"It's really Scotland Yard's business, but I am prepared to pay you any reasonable fee—"

"I don't take blood-money!" snapped Mr. Mayo, returning to his unpleasantly aggressive manner. "I make conditions. If I find your man and get back your property, I decide whether 'e's to be prosecuted or not. Is that a fair do?"

"No," I said hotly. "I don't feel at all disposed to show pity to the man. An ordinary theft I might possibly condone; but there's something particularly revolting about this one. It was sacrilege as well as theft. I was robbed in a church—well, a chapel at any rate, and that's almost as bad. What enrages me is the callous hypocrisy of the man. He was planning to rob me while he was kneeling by my side pretending to be praying."

"Now don't you go on that way," protested Mr.

Mayo. "Don't you go judgin' the man till you know more about 'im. You don't know what 'is temptation may 'ave bin. Maybe 'e tramps the streets all day wearin' out shoe-leather lookin' for a job. If 'e looked like a gentleman—as you say 'e did—it 'd come all the 'arder to 'im. This may be the first time 'e ever did anything on the cross. If that 's the way of it, you don't want to go draggin' 'im down into the mud, do yer now?"

"You seem to be more interested in him than you are in me."

"I am—much more! There 's just two kinds of coves in prison. One is the kind that never ought to 'ave been put there; the other is the kind that ought never to be let out. When I 'elp the police I make it my job to try an' keep each kind where it belongs. It stands to reason that I 'm more interested in the thief than what I am in you. On one side there 's the danger of a man's 'ole life bein' ruined; on the other side—what? An overcoat an' a matter of forty paltry pounds."

Suddenly the revivalist's whole manner changed. He leapt to his feet, his eyes gleamed, he threw out both hands with a dramatic pulpit gesture, and when he spoke his language was that of a highly educated man and his voice was tender and earnest.

"Think," he pleaded, "think before you answer. There 's more at stake than you realise. Your property is the least important factor in this matter. I 'm suing on behalf of a sinner—and more than one sinner, as I will show you when the appropriate time comes."

"As a law-abiding citizen, it is my duty to uphold and assist the law," I said. "But I offer you a bargain. If you find the thief before Scotland Yard does it shall be as you will."

"It 's a bet!" exclaimed Mr. Mayo, dropping back into the Cockney vernacular. "I 've nothing against Scotland Yard. They do their duty, which is to protect property. I 'm on a 'igher lay than that. It 'll be a race between us. If Scotland Yard wins, it 'll do its best to get a conviction. If I win, it 's for me to say whether the bloke goes into the dock. If it 's a poor blighter 'oo only needs a word in season, 'e 's my meat. If 'e 's an incorrigible, Scotland Yard shall 'ave 'im an' welcome."

"Will you tell me what you make of the case so far?" I asked, as I got up to go. "What inference do you draw from the clues? Detective Simmons will probably ask me."

"Ah, I daresay 'e 'd jolly well like to know. But 'e won't. It 's 'im an' me for it, an' let the best man win."

I formed a better opinion of Detective Simmons on my second visit. He told me that already the police throughout the country had been warned to keep all second-hand clothes shops under observation lest the thief should attempt to sell my overcoat, and he promised to send a plain-clothes constable at once to Pinner to watch the railway station and keep his eyes open for any man known to the police. As to the significance of what he called the "exhibits," he would say nothing, but he impressed me as much keener and more efficient than I had first supposed.

I am not a sportsman. I have never hunted a fox, and I am sure it would not afford me any gratification to do so. But, apart from my desire to recover my property, I felt, on leaving Scotland Yard, a pleasurable excitement in the pursuit of the thief. Had I been a betting man I would have laid a wager that the professional, unsentimental thief-taker would win his race against the eccentric revivalist. Certainly he lost little time in getting to work. It was on Tuesday at midday that he examined the coat and the contents of its pockets. On Thursday he telephoned to me to meet him in half-an-hour's time at Baker Street Station in order to accompany him to Pinner.

"We're on a good scent," he said, when we got into the train. "I sent the hypodermic needle to our analytical chemist. He reported this morning that it contained traces of arsenic and salts of antimony, and that injections of a combination of these drugs is the latest cure for the African disease, sleeping-sickness. Of course, a man cannot have an out-of-the-way disease like that without the big people in the medical world knowing about it. I went at once to the London School of Tropical Medicine, got from them a pamphlet on sleeping sickness, and the addresses of three poor devils who have got it. One is in hospital at Liverpool; one is being privately treated in his home in Yorkshire; and the third, Mr. Arthur Baines, a District Commissioner in the Uganda Government Service, lives at Pinner. So we are going to see Mr. Baines. It is very unlikely that he is your man, but he ought to be able to lay us on to him. Now let me keep quiet. I have got to read up the subject of sleeping sickness."

Mr. Baines bore not the slightest resemblance to the man who had robbed me. He did not look physically capable of robbing an infant in arms. We found him shuddering in a thick great coat and huddling over a fire in a room that was already as hot as a Turkish bath. The detective's method of eliciting information without disclosing anything was masterly. He posed as an anxious parent who, before sending a son out to Uganda, wished to know something about the climate. Mr. Baines cursed the climate and querulously spoke of his own illness. Detective Simmons expressed his sympathy, and asked questions that showed an amount of knowledge of the subject that was simply amazing in a man who had only had half an hour or so in which to read it up. He talked of hosts, and trypanosomes, and the tsetse fly, and asked questions. Very soon he succeeded in asking a question that Mr. Baines could not answer. The invalid suggested reference to the physician, Dr. Stevenson, who was attending him. The detective inquired Dr. Stevenson's address. Mr. Baines did not know it, but said that the doctor, a specialist in sleeping sickness, visited him every Sunday to give him his injection and always stayed to lunch. He promised to get the address and send it on a postcard to Mr. Simmons at his private address.

"Not much chance of finding your man before Sunday," said the detective, when we were in the fresh

air again. "But we ought to get him then. Meet me at Pinner Station on Sunday morning at ten o'clock to identify him. I'll take out a warrant and have it with me."

I was now so much interested in the chase, and half-consciously eager for Simmons to show himself a better detective than the ex-convict, that I was almost sorry on Friday evening to get a letter from Mr. Mayo.

"I have got your man," it ran. "He is coming to-morrow to 8, Runhill Street, S.W.1, at 11 a.m. It is an address I use for cases of this sort. Be there at 10.30 a.m. to-morrow to confront him. Ask for Mr. Richardson, and be sure not to be late."

The address given to me proved to be a two-roomed suite in a block of offices. I passed through a door marked "Mr. Richardson. Inquiries" into a scantily furnished room. It had a roll-top desk with its back to the light, an arm-chair for visitors facing the light, a telephone and telephone directory, a "Who's Who," a "Whitaker's Almanack," and a map of London on the mantelpiece, an almanack on the wall, and very little else. Mr. Mayo was seated at the desk. At first I did not recognise him. As his back was to the light, his face was in a deep shadow. He had smoothed and parted his exuberant hair, was dressed in a well-fitting morning coat, and had, I think, padded his cheeks. He rose as I entered and showed me a door in the corner that led into an inner room. At a height of five feet from the ground a triangular piece had been cut out of the wood and the opening covered with wire gauze. Mr. Mayo explained that anyone in the inner room could see through the gauze without being seen. My part was to be to remain hidden, watching what took place between Mr. Mayo and the thief, until I was called.

"Well, I've got Scotland Yard beat," said Mr. Mayo triumphantly.

"If the man turns up," I said, "and if he turns out to be the right one. If you do win, it will be by a narrow margin. Scotland Yard have already discovered that he is a doctor named—"

"Stevenson? Thought so! Well, I know that; I know 'e 's broke; an' I know that 'e 's been tryin' every way that 'e could think of to turn an honest penny."

"How do you know all that?"

"From the newspaper cuttings. Now that the job is pretty well finished I don't mind letting on 'ow I went to work. When 'e took these cuttings from the newspapers, why did 'e cut just where 'e did cut? Because 'e wanted the advert at the top an' the one at the bottom. Whether those in between was any use to 'im I didn't bother my 'ead about. I 'ad enough to go on with without 'em. An' what was these ads. about? The top one in the *Telegraph* cutting was a doctor advertising for an assistant. That wasn't any use to anyone but a medical man, so I knew what your man tries to do for a living. The bottom one was about swell coves who wanted a pal to go big-game 'unting with them. I couldn't make 'ead nor tail of that, so I gave it best. The top ad. in the *Times* cutting was asking if anyone liked to sell patent curling-irons on commission. A professional man who thinks twice takin' on a 'opeless, scrounging job like that must be pretty near on the rocks. The bottom ad. was a literary agency. It did not tell me much except that it showed that our doctor 'as thoughts of seein' if 'e can earn a bit by writing, that bein' about the only trade that you don't want any special trainin' for."

"Well, now, 'Avin' established the fact that 'e 's a doctor, that 'e don't care what 'e does for an honest livin', and that 'e is thinking of trying 'is 'and at writing for the magazines, I put two adverts. In the *Times* and two in the *Telegraph* giving four different box addresses for the answers to be sent to. In the *Times* I advertised for a doctor to take on a job as assistant—I got twenty-five answers to that—and for a canvasser to sell a Life of Florence Nightingale on salary and commission. I got ten answers to that. In the *Telegraph* I asked for a man to revise proofs for a publisher. I got over forty answers to that. An'—on the off-chance of its bringing in something—I advertised for a man to go out an' do odd jobs for an exploring expedition. I got about two hundred answers to that. Of all the people that answered the advertisements, sixteen answered two of them, five answered three of them, but only one answered all four, and that one was Stevenson. In answer to the first 'e said where 'e 'ad studied an' what degrees 'e 'ad got. To the second 'e said that 'e was prepared to start work right away. 'E said much the same for the third, and for the fourth 'e said that as a doctor 'e would be a valuable man on an expedition, but would take on any mortal thing, as 'e was on 'is uppers. I wired 'im to come 'ere to-day to talk about the first job, an' 'e wired back that 'e 's comin'."

"Now, when 'e knocks at the door slip into the next room an' watch till I call you. If by any chance it 's not your man—but it 's a hundred to one he is—come straight through, say good-morning to me, and go, leaving me to get out of the mess some'ow. The proper way to worm a secret out of a man is this: first, you soft sawder 'im and get 'im pleased so as 'e 'll tell you all 'e feels like tellin' you of 'is own accord. Then you bullyrag 'im so as 'e loses 'is temper and blurts out things 'e did not mean to say. You just watch an' don't show yourself till I give you the office. We've got to make 'im incriminate himself."

At five minutes to eleven I hid in the inner room. I felt unusually excited. The credit of luring the thief to the office was due to Mr. Mayo, but I was elated at the prospect of seeing him humbled. Punctually at eleven he came. I recognised him at once.

"Sit down, Doctor," said Mr. Mayo genially. "I hope we shall work well together. How soon could you make a start?"

"At once."

"You won't mind, of course, my asking you why you are not in practice at present?"

"Because of the competition of younger men, fresher from the schools. As soon as I qualified I volunteered for special service under the Tropical Diseases Research Committee. They sent me to Uganda to study

sleeping sickness. It was awful work, for one had to live in dreary, swampy country with no society except that of the natives, for there was nothing to tempt Europeans into the district where the disease was at its worst. The sight of the suffering all around one was horrible, but the thought of the fine work one was doing sustained one."

Stevenson hesitated.

"It sounds as if I were boasting—talking about doing fine work—but a man who is applying for a job naturally tries to show himself at his best."

Mr. Mayo smiled and nodded, and the thief continued—

"Two years ago I came home on leave—and married. The committee do not employ married men—the work is too dangerous. Then I found that a man who has specialised in a disease that is practically unknown in Europe has little chance compared with the general practitioner. I have now and then got a job as a *locum tenens*, and I have spent a great deal of time writing an exhaustive book on sleeping sickness. I thought publishers would be glad to pay me for the work when it was done, but I find instead that they expect the author of a book of that kind to pay for its publication himself."

"How long is it since you had work as a *locum tenens*?"

Mr. Mayo's voice quavered as if with genuine sympathy. I hated him for it. It was Judas-like. I felt inclined to end the distasteful farce by showing myself.

"Seven months."

"Would you go back to the Tropics?"

"I would."

"Although that would necessitate leaving your wife behind?"

"Yes. It appears that I cannot support her in England, if I stay in England too. I don't mind admitting that I am hard pressed for money."

"So hard pressed that you must steal!" thundered the revivalist, springing to his feet and towering over the wretched man. "So hard pressed that you must rob this man—the man you knelt beside!"

I entered the room. The thief saw me. Amazement, terror, and shame in quick succession distorted his face. It was a pitiful sight. His face worked horribly. He cried. It is a heartrending thing to see a grown man cry. I hated myself for having been a party to his bitter humiliation.

The revivalist knelt by his side and put an arm on his shoulder. His voice became low and gentle, and again he used the Cockney dialect that was most familiar to him.

"Tell me. Tell me all about it," he said. "Listen, old boy. I've been a wrong un myself in my time, an' little good I got of it. Tell me all about it, an' we'll see what 's to be done."

"It was a mistake—at first," said Stevenson between sobs. "I did not notice that I had the wrong coat till I got into the Tube. Then I didn't want to go back. My wife had been in low spirits that morning, and I had been too long away from her. When I got back I found that she had suddenly been taken seriously ill. Appendicitis. I saw that an operation was necessary at once. I went to a nursing home to arrange for it, and—and—when they learned that I lived—cheap boarding house—they—payment in advance—can't you understand?"

"What nursing home?"

"Bennett's."

Mr. Mayo looked up the telephone number and rang up the place.

"Is that Bennett's Nursing Home? How is Mrs. Stevenson getting on? Going on well? That's splendid! How long since she had the operation—Saturday, was it? Oh, Sunday evening. Thanks so much." He replaced the receiver and led me into the inner room.

"Well," he said gently, "what about it?"

"I won't prosecute him."

"Of course not. You 'd have done the same in 'is place if you 'd 'ad any guts. If you 'adn't it would 'ave been fear of the police, not piety, as would have stopped you."

"And I 'll let him pay me back when he can."

The ex-convict spat contemptuously into the fire. "Can't you think of anything but your dirty money? Money what gets corrupted with moth and rust! Listen, you! I've done with that poor devil. 'E 's had 'is punishment. I 'm dealing with you now. It 's your sins as is interesting me."

He kept his voice low, but it rang with angry scorn. "You remember the Sabbath Day to keep it 'oly, you told me, wearing Sunday clobber and the like. The Pharisees used to keep it 'oly too. An' what did your Master and mine think of the Pharisees? Did 'E talk to 'em like 'E talked to the publican and the 'arlot?" He took me by the shoulders and looked straight into my eyes.

"You're in a far worse way than what that poor bloke is, but the job is to get your sort to see it. 'Aven't you got no charity? 'Ere 's a man that 's given the best years of 'is life to 'is fellow man. An' then 'e writes a book and tries to find a publisher that 's got a hundredth part as much love and charity to all mankind as what 'e 'as, to publish it. An' that poor chap is brought to your door, as it were, fair desperate, and you talk about your dirty money!"

He changed his tone and laid an arm on my shoulder. It was ridiculous that I should have felt the influence of this fanatic so strongly that I felt a sense of relief as he did so—like a schoolboy who has been forgiven.

"It isn't because you 'aven't the 'eart; it 's because you don't think. Now, for your own good, just you go into that room an' take that poor man by the 'and and say to him just what you 'd like 'im to say to you if you was in 'is place."

I obeyed. Stevenson's arms were outstretched on the table, and his face was hidden on them. I took his hand. He, without looking up and supposing, probably, that I was Mayo, gripped it hard. I heard the ex-convict revivalist pass out of the office by another door.

[THE END.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

ABOUT this time of year our American cousins are asking each other, as a convenient conversational gambit, a very serious question: "Have you chosen your Summer Reading?" There is something of ritual solemnity in the way they make the enquiry, and the stranger from Europe who hears it for the first time realises (also for the first time) that this is really a solemn business, involving the happiness of no small part of the coming holiday.

We on this side take the matter more lightly, with, in fact, a sort of criminal casualness. So careless are we that we have never hit on, or even adopted, the phrase, "Summer Reading." The headings, "Holiday Fiction," "Books for the Holidays," and so forth, occur, it is true, in the publishers' lists and advertisements, but we have not set these phrases up on a little conversational pedestal by themselves, nor do we associate them with an act of special, serious, and deliberate choice, on a par with the choice of holiday clothes or a holiday resort. We do not sit down with publishers' lists to "dope out" (that is, or was, the correct Transatlantic phrase) our Summer Reading, but take the books as they come, depending very often on the hazard of the seaside library, which tends to antiquity. The careful choice arises chiefly from the fact that the Americans are a nation of book-buyers rather than of book-borrowers.

"Summer Reading" is a phrase with a pleasant sound. It suggests the holiday mood in anticipation and implies a selection of books breezy and sunny. Perhaps underlying it one can detect a contrast with winter reading, which may be a little heavier and a little more solid than the books with which the holiday maker is to flirt lazily on pier or punt. The winter reader does not flirt with his book, but gets on close terms with it. You remember how Stevenson, in winter time, would "sit down with the 'Vicomte' for a long, silent, solitary, lamp-light evening by the fire," and carry the thread of that epic into his slumbers, and wake with it unbroken. With that description of a reader's Paradise I always like to take De Quincey's companion passage about his ideal winter study. "Make it," he says, "populous with books; and furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar."

But I digress shamefully, and the foregoing paragraph has ended in a nice derangement of seasons. Our business at the moment is with summer reading, or with books that may very well be chosen for the holiday. Some of them may be mere birds of passage sufficient unto their season, but others, one hopes, have come to stay.

For immediate charm, combined with promise of staying power, I should be inclined to choose Miss Victoria Sackville West's new novel, "GREY WETHERS" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). It may be some individual kink of taste in me—I know not—but no other among our younger writers seems to approach Miss Sackville West in pure literary quality. The mere cadence of her sentences is a delight; she finds the right word with no apparent effort, or if effort there be, it is most cunningly concealed. But the vital point is that she can tell a story magnificently, and she has a story to tell. She makes a most welcome reappearance with a full-dress novel after an interlude of short stories, in which her hand is not at its strongest. "GREY WETHERS" is a tale of the Downs, a tale in which the characters move under an eerie, other-worldly spell. Here this author, who has previously shown what she can do as an uncompromising realist, has moved forward to ethereal romance. It is a hopeful sign. Fiction can well afford to be a little more fictitious.

Another woman writer who is coming on steadily is Miss Eleanor Reid, who has followed up her

"Marrying Madeleine" and "The Fortunate Woman" (both promising efforts) with "THE FALLEN" (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.), in all respects a stronger and more completely realised piece of work. It is a story of an entanglement that threatens disaster, but has a happy upshot, so skilfully brought about that one forgets and forgives a dismal grammatical slip in the third line from the end.

Sea stories may or may not be appropriate to the seaside or the hills. I am inclined to think that, as



A CLOTHES-BASKET AS "POCKET" FOR MARKS: A GERMAN NEWSPAPER-SELLER AND HER EMBARRASSINGLY BULKY TAKINGS.

a rule, they are not the first choice of the holiday-maker, but there are exceptions, and no reader will regret the impulse that made him pack up Mr. Boyd Cable's "THE ROLLING ROAD" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Here are seventeen capital yarns, told in this writer's



MORE "MONEY" THAN THE TILL WILL HOLD: A BERLIN GROCER FORCED TO CRUSH HIS DAY'S TAKINGS OF PAPER INTO A PACKING-CASE, THE TILL BEING MUCH TOO SMALL.

With the extraordinary fall in the value of the mark, the German population is put to straits to dispose of the huge masses of paper "money" which changes hands for even the smallest transaction. Prices vary almost hourly, and an issue of ten-million-mark notes is anticipated. In the markets a condition of absolute chaos exists.

vivid and picturesque style. If they are begun on the holiday journey they will beguile it bravely, and some of them are sure to be read again during the weeks of leisure. Together with this book it will be politic and enjoyable to read Mr. John Russell's new collection, "IN DARK PLACES" (Butterworth; 7s. 6d.), and no one who appreciates great art in the short story can afford to miss, or would think of missing, "THE DOVE'S NEST" (Constable; 6s.), the last short

stories of the gifted and lamented Katherine Mansfield.

Those who, with the ex-Prime Minister, "do not like the look of things," even in holiday time, and fear that we are drifting towards disaster, will find their theories comfortably realised in Mr. Anderson Graham's "THE COLLAPSE OF HOMO SAPIENS" (Putnam's; 7s. 6d.), a new and brilliant statement of a theme already handled by Mr. Wells and the author of "The People of the Ruins." Mr. Graham imagines the incursion of the black and yellow races, the crushing and almost complete extermination of the British nation, and he shows us the remnant of mankind degraded to savagery and cannibalism. It sounds gloomy, but it is really a most exciting piece of speculation, and a book to be read.

Fiction, however, need not make up the entire holiday list. For a delightful book of travel, one could not ask anything better than "ISLES OF ILLUSION, LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS," edited by Mr. Bohun Lynch (Constable; 7s. 6d.). Perhaps, after all, the book ought not to be excluded from the realm of fiction. Readers will form their own opinion as to that, and the conundrum, "Who is Mr. Lynch's unnamed correspondent?" adds yet another charm to a charming volume.

Another piece of light, yet serious, reading will find its way into hundreds of holiday portmanteaus and library lists. It is the latest work of a great master of the caustic character-sketch, who handles politicians and eminent persons as if he loved them, all the time, in the true Waltonian manner, transfixing them with his barbed hook. This artist, Mr. E. T. Raymond, does for the living what Mr. Lytton Strachey does for the dead.

Yet in a sense, and that a rather melancholy sense, Mr. Raymond, in the book before us, has written an obituary. That is the sardonic implication in his consistent use of the past tense. How far this is justifiable or in good taste is open to grave question, and there is much in this glittering display of irony which, if set down at all, would have been better reserved for a later day. The subject is an aged, still living statesman, who may not have fulfilled all expectations, but who is yet a notable and honoured figure, with much good public service to his credit. If Mr. Raymond were a child, he might very well fear lest she-bears come out of the wood to impose the ancient penalty for mocking at baldheads.

Probably a desire to avoid that mealy-mouth of British biography, which Carlyle so grimly blessed, has entrapped Mr. Raymond into this *tour de force* of satire. One can read Mr. Strachey's pitiless exposures without pain, for one knows that his subjects will never see what he has written. With Mr. Raymond's "LORD ROSEBERY, THE MAN OF PROMISE" (Fisher Unwin; 10s.), the case is entirely different.

The jibe begins even with the title of the book, and it conveys probably a deeper sting than anything that follows. The only reassurance is that the venerable victim is here shown to possess a sardonic armour against such sardonic shafts.

In the end, the mystery of Lord Rosebery remains unsolved. The nearest approach the author makes to a solution occurs in one of his few passages of real humour, where his handling is for once agreeably playful. It is where he illustrates Lord Rosebery's non-success and Lord Randolph's success with the masses by an apt allusion to the way in which Pendennis and Harry Foker respectively spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Rummer, Miss Rummer, and the barmaid, at the "George" at Chatteris. This is purely excellent, and worth a thousand clever acidities.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO WANDSWORTH; NAVAL SEARCHLIGHTS AT TOR BAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND I.B.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN SOUTH LONDON: THEIR MAJESTIES CONDUCTED BY THE MAYOR OF WANDSWORTH TO THE NEW HOUSING ESTATE IN LONGSTAFF ROAD, AFTER OPENING A NEW PARK AT SOUTHFIELDS.



THE KING INTERESTED IN THE METHOD OF CATCHING EARWIGS BY INVERTED FLOWER-POTS ON TOP OF STICKS PLACED OVER DAHLIAS: HIS MAJESTY LISTENING TO AN EXPLANATION BY ONE OF THE TENANTS.



THE NAVY PROVIDES ATTRACTIONS AT A FAMOUS HOLIDAY RESORT: A MAGNIFICENT SEARCHLIGHT DISPLAY BY THE GREAT FLEET ASSEMBLED IN TOR BAY.

The King and Queen received a great welcome from the people of Wandsworth on Saturday, July 28, when they visited that borough, and also from the crowds gathered along the route of their drive thither from Buckingham Palace. Their Majesties opened the new park at Southfields, which is henceforth to be known, by the King's command, as King George's Park. The Mayor of Wandsworth said that it had been constructed by ex-Service men out of work, and mentioned other schemes undertaken to provide employment, including the building of a Town Hall, new baths at Streatham, and a library at Earlsfield. While inspecting new artisans' houses in Longstaff Road, the King was much interested

in the method of catching earwigs in inverted flower-pots filled with hay and placed on top of sticks above dahlias and other flowers. The system was explained to his Majesty by one of the tenants.—The attractions of Torquay have been enhanced this summer by the largest Naval assemblage of the year. The great fleet in Tor Bay was under the command of Admiral Sir John de Robeck, whose flag-ship was the "Queen Elizabeth." The whole fleet was thrown open to visitors from the shore, and on July 25 a splendid searchlight display was given. The Town Council arranged a special programme for the entertainment of the officers and men.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IT was royal weather for the Empire Garden Party.

It really was that, for we have an unusual number of visitors from the Across Seas Dominions, and the King did them every possible honour, and invited a large number of them to the annual Garden Party which marks the last week of every London season. It was just the pleasantest sort of weather: sunshine and cloud, with a fresh, invigorating breeze. Always on the invitations appear, "weather permitting." I never remember that it did not permit since the institution of these sort of breaking-up parties, when everyone is just off somewhere, and consequently in the best possible spirits. This year the lawns were green, and the trees in full and beautiful foliage. Those who saw the King's grounds for the first time were amazed at their extent. Something of this impression is due to clever planning. They look more park-like and large than they really are. There is, however, far more room in them than their Majesties' guests availed themselves of. Once the royal host and hostess and the other royal personages arrived they were as magnets, and no one went far away. There was always a chance of recognition, one that is no less valued when it occurs frequently than when it is a rare treat.

The Queen was, as usual, the outstanding figure of the royal group; indeed, one can quite truthfully state of the whole party. Her Majesty wore a dress of lavender chiffon embroidered in long lines with delicate pastel shades of mauve and blue and clover pink. In the embroidery were some little bright specks that sparkled as the sun caught them. The bodice was closely embroidered. A turban-shaped hat was worn in pastel colours, reproducing those of the gown, and her Majesty carried, but did not use, a sunshade of lavender silk, covered with écarlé guipure lace, and having a border of lavender-blue chiffon. The King in his way was as faultlessly turned out as the Queen, in a grey park suit and grey top hat, a grey tie, and wearing a white carnation in his button-hole. Their Majesties were in the grounds some time before the general company knew. When, however, the National Anthem was played, they advanced, and made separate lines through the guests, preceded by their entourage—the Queen followed by the

was seen advancing from the garden entrance between two smart, well-turned-out young men. It was the Duchess of York, the Duke, and Prince George. Her Royal Highness wore a very dainty dress of deep



Solgardine is the splendid sun-and-rain-proof material from which Burberrys, of the Haymarket, have made this tailored wrap.

cream-coloured silk lace in the skirt, and on the bodice of which deep bands of filmy gold lace were introduced; a delightfully becoming hat of white organdi muslin, the crown crossed by bands of inch-wide black velvet, and with a pale-pink shaded cluster of roses, without foliage on the brim. Everyone was anxious to see the royal bride, whose first appearance at a big assemblage this was. Princess Mary was the third royal arrival, escorted by her husband, Viscount Lascelles. Again a deep cream-coloured lace dress was chosen, with a girdle of silver-and-blue tissue. A wide-brimmed hat matching the dress was worn with a long, thick, creamy-tinted ostrich feather along one side. A cream-coloured silk sunshade was carried. Our King's only daughter looked very pretty, and very cheery and bright too.

One of the best-dressed women in the grounds was the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, youngest daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. She is tall, slight, and elegant, and wore a draped dress made all in one of oxydised silver-and-black gauze brocade. The hat, all black and silver, had a turned-up Russian tiara-shaped brim, and a veil of black tulle fell down at the back. Queen Augusta Victoria, with whom was King Manoel, wore black Chantilly lace over white, a really pretty frock in a series of flatly laid flounces. There was a cloak to match with pink peony-roses near the chin, and a black cloche-shaped hat was worn. Princess Andrew of Greece was there with her two daughters, Princess Margaret and Princess Theodora, who were dressed alike in orchid-mauve, with white hats. Lady Louise Mountbatten was with her sister, and was dressed all in grey. The Grand Duchess Xenia, in grey, with a silver toque, was moving about among the general company, and so was the Grand Duke Michael, with whom was his daughter, Lady Zia Wernher.

Looking back on the past season, it is apparent that it began half-heartedly and finished brilliantly. There were no Courts until June, and then four were held, one more than last year. Everyone seemed to expect Courts and gaieties to follow on the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, and

in this were disappointed, for socially things fell flat again and so remained for some time. The death of Princess Christian, occurring in the middle of the second half of the season, would have ruined it but for the King's unselfish decision to hold the Court and to do away with Court mourning during Royal Ascot week. This saved the season, which went out with a brilliant record instead of leaving a decidedly dull one.

"*Thé dansant* is served on the terrace" seems an odd sort of announcement, and sounds as if the tea danced. One can imagine would-be consumers pursuing the dancing and elusive cup until it pirouetted over the terrace and out of sight. Another label which intrigues me much is "Corrective Eating Society." I do wonder what kind of a society it is. Correct eating, one can imagine, might be inculcated. Corrective implies that the process is over and requires correction—which doubtless it frequently agitates for. Yet one wonders how and why, and if a society is a suitable means of putting gastronomic matters that have gone into the digestive department right. Inquiry would be interesting, if there were time to make it.

One reads quaint things at times. One of them is that women going up to the moors and rivers of Scotland are providing themselves with specially dressed light leather suits for shooting, stalking, and fishing, and not, as of yore, with tweed or woollen coats and skirts. Can anyone imagine any woman being quite so insane! Non-porous leather is about the most uncomfortable and unhygienic material for such a purpose. Rain would render it heavy, exertion would render it unbearable. For motor trips a leather suit of light and pliable kind would be quite all right, but for the moors and rivers gauze would be preferable, albeit also most ridiculously unsuitable. Also I read that in the exclusive precincts of the R.Y.S. at Cowes dark blue is practically the only wear. This is, of course, quite absurd; white, cream colour, red, and pink are worn by the women who are most afloat, and by those who are little on the yachts the mornings call for dainty lingerie dresses, and in the afternoons,



Simplicity is the keynote of this distinctive suit, for which Burberrys are responsible. (See p. 236.)

Dowager Countess of Airlie and Lady Amptill, who were in attendance.

Soon after the King and Queen had started on their tour amid their guests, a dainty little figure



A well-cut suit for which H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street, have chosen partridge-coloured game-feather tweed. The pleating at the waist is particularly attractive. (See p. 236.)

when tea and the band are the attractions, dress is as for a garden-party, provided the weather is in pleasing mind: A. E. L.

LONDON'S NEED OF HOLIDAY FACILITIES: TWO LINES OF DEVELOPMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U. AND TOPICAL.



LONDON PARKS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEASIDE: SCHOOL-CHILDREN ON HOLIDAY DISPORTING THEMSELVES IN AND AROUND THE LAKE IN BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM.



A LEAD TO CAR-OWNERS BY MOTOR-CYCLISTS IN SOLVING THE HOLIDAY PROBLEM FOR LONDON CHILDREN: THE AUTO-CYCLE UNION'S CHILDREN'S DAY—STARTING FOR JOY-RIDES IN THE COUNTRY.

The commencement of the school vacation let loose in London, as in other large cities, hosts of children for whom holiday facilities are far too few. Many of them come from homes where an annual summer visit to the seaside is beyond the range of practical domestic politics. The next best thing is a daily visit to the parks, where some approximation to the joys of the beach may be found in the lakes and the sand-pits provided by benevolent municipal authorities. The congestion shown in our upper photograph indicates that there is a need for further extension in this direction. Another line of solution of the holiday

problem was indicated by the generous action of the Auto-Cycle Union, who on Saturday, July 28, held their Children's Day all over the country, and took little passengers for joy-rides in their side-cars. The lower photograph shows a general view of the start from the South-Eastern Centre's rendezvous in Union Street, Borough. Needless to say, the treat was immensely appreciated. Yet another form of healthy recreation is the open-air swimming bath, such as that at Chiswick illustrated in our issue of July 21. As there suggested, more such baths might well be provided.

Fashions and Fancies.

Children's Frocks for the Seaside.

Only two stipulations are generally made by the little people about their holiday dresses: they must be cool; and above all, if the holiday is to be enjoyed to the full, they must be durable. Certainly it would be too much to expect any normal child at the seaside to be considerate towards clothes, and consequently fine cretonne has come rapidly to the fore this season for the composition of summer dresses. Not only is it among the most hard-wearing of all materials, but it is decidedly decorative into the bargain, and in a large floral design is used for the charming little frock sketched on this page. The vogue of the poke-bonnet has been revived, and little hats of this description are very attractive expressed in any light-coloured fabric. For small boys, shantung silk suits are the last word in comfort in hot weather, and they have the excellent quality of washing beautifully.



A delightful little hat which affords the maximum of protection from beach glare.

A Well-Cut Wrap and Walking Suit.

One of the many recommendations of the Solgardine wraps which Burberry's, of the Haymarket, have introduced is that they are equally suitable for Scotland or for town wear, and one of them is shown on page 234. Neither rain nor the actinic rays of the sun can penetrate this specially proofed material, and there is a wide range of attractive shot colourings from which to choose, green and rust-red being two of the favourite alliances. The severely tailored suit depicted on the same page, and cut like a man's Norfolk jacket, can be made in a variety of Burberry materials, and

everyone will admit that its perfect simplicity of line is decidedly effective.

Tailoring of Note. At all times, summer and winter alike, the tailored suit is assured of its place in the forefront of fashion, and it is in the construction of these simple, perfectly cut garments that H. J. Nicoll, of Regent Street, excel. They are responsible for the game-feather tweed suit photographed on the right of page 234. This tweed is one of their most attractive specialties, and can be had to match the plumage of any game bird. Grouse, partridge, woodcock, and wild duck are only a few of the colour-blends that are available, and the suit in question is in the lovely pheasant shades, in which dull copper and blue-black are mingled.

A Menace to Health.

Few realise what a large percentage of otherwise healthy people are suffering from pyorrhea, the insidious disease

which attacks the gums, and may result, unless it is checked in time, in the total loss of the teeth. Authorities on the subject have discovered that the majority of people have a tendency to pyorrhea, which may or may not develop in later life, and it is vitally important that care should be taken to prevent this prevalent disease from gaining a hold. Sanogyl, the splendid dentifrice prepared according to the formula of Dr. Kritchewsky and Dr. P. Seguin, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, is an ideal safeguard against this serious menace to health. It is, however, more than a preventative of pyorrhea, for the salts contained in it attack and soften the tartar deposit on the teeth, so that it can be brushed away, leaving the teeth white and sound. It is this tartar which destroys the natural enamel; but if Sanogyl is used the mouth will always remain healthy. Chemists can supply Sanogyl in tubes, or it can be obtained direct from the sole representatives in the British Empire, the Sealand Trading Company, 24, Holborn E.C.1.



Her attractive little helmet-hat is of white felt, with a row of ribbon rosebuds on the edge of the brim.



A trio of pretty suggestions for children's seaside wear.

The "Last Drop" Ink-Bottle.

Every fountain-pen user will accord the warmest of welcomes to the "Last Drop" bottle, recently introduced by the "Swan" people, which can be obtained from stationers for 1s. 6d. By its use waste is eliminated, for the curiously shaped bottle is designed with three different bases and a groove at the back. When full, it stands on the largest base, but as the level of the ink descends the others are used in turn, until finally the last drop is collected in the groove, whence it can easily be drawn up by the pen. Though intended primarily for fountain pen-filling, this ingenious bottle is just as suitable for an ordinary desk ink-pot.

E. A. R.

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T.C.78

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

NOVELTIES AT THE PROMENADES.

THE forthcoming season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall promises to be of exceptional interest. The programmes are remarkable, in the first place, for the number of new concertos for solo instruments. The public, of course, love a soloist, and Sir Henry Wood has provided a very generous list of distinguished *virtuosi*. In previous years there have been plenty of good soloists, but they have generally played very hackneyed concertos. Perhaps one ought not to complain; the public has evidently enjoyed them. It likes to hear what it knows, and it certainly has every chance of becoming thoroughly familiar with such things as Beethoven's "Emperor," Mozart's D minor, the Liszt Concerto in E flat, and that of Saint-Saëns in G minor. Sir Henry and the orchestra know them by heart, probably better than any soloist. A young pianist who made his first appearance in one of these might safely play it without any rehearsal; the orchestra would know exactly what he was likely to do, and Sir Henry would keep him straight in any emergency. But it is very commonly believed among musicians that the concerto as a form has had its day, and that soloists are obliged to go on playing the old familiar favourites because, hackneyed as they are, no modern composers have written anything in that line to surpass them. Superior people may say that Saint-Saëns is trivial; but his concertos are at any rate superbly well written for the instrument, and all the more agreeable to listen to because they

quite obviously make no claim to be monumental and prophetic.

Sir Henry this summer presents us with no fewer than six concertos which are all new to England. It will be noticed, too, that the majority of them come from Central Europe. The most interesting of these ought certainly to be the new concerto by Hans Pfitzner, which was first produced in Germany only a few months ago. It is to be played by Miss Fanny Davies, and the composer may feel certain that she will be the ideal interpreter for his music. Pfitzner is hardly known in England at all, though he is a man of over fifty. In Germany he is probably the most discussed of all living composers. That does not mean that he presents new and difficult problems. On the contrary, he has openly proclaimed his extreme disapproval of what he calls "Futurist" music. At the same time, conservative as he is by temperament, he is a man of very great originality and daring. He is a link with the Romantic school; his favourite composer of the past is Schumann, and that is, no doubt, why Miss Fanny Davies, one of the most vivid interpreters of Schumann, has interested herself in Pfitzner's new work. In Germany Pfitzner is a composer whose music provokes quarrelling. He has been taken up by the extreme Nationalist and anti-Semite party; he has been made a political symbol. But his music is not in the least political; it is peculiarly remote from the world of to-day. It is romantic and yet of our own time; not a feeble echo of the music of Schumann and Brahms, but carrying on their musical ideals in the musical language of the present century.

The composers in other countries with whom he may be compared are Vincent d'Indy and Vaughan Williams. His music is very German, just as theirs is respectively very French and very English; but they all three have in common a certain loftiness of intention, a preoccupation with ideals that are remote from the vanities and frivolities of the modern world.

Particularly welcome is Mozart's Horn Concerto in E flat, to be played by Mr. Aubrey Brain. Concertos for wind instruments are rare, but our London orchestras are full of wind-players who could show as distinguished a skill as many of the violinists and pianists who generally monopolise the solos. In older days the wind-players were more appreciated by the composers. As a rule, the modern composer expects wind-players to grapple with extraordinary difficulties in the ordinary course of a symphony or an opera, but he seldom shows his gratitude by giving them complete solo works in which their skill may be made more clearly apparent to the public. Almost all players of wind instruments have to fall back on Mozart for concertos. But there are signs of grace and gratitude in England at any rate. One of this season's novelties is a Fugal Concerto for flute and oboe by Gustav Holst, who, like Mozart, is always fascinated by a difficult problem; and perhaps in a subsequent season we may hear the oboe concerto which has recently been written by Armstrong Gibbs.

The novelties of these Promenade Concerts, generally considered, are not likely to be of the startling order. Sir Henry Wood is, as we all know, quite as much up to date as any of the youngest conductors.

(Continued overleaf.)

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Very soon the first great factory there will be completed, and now a NAME is wanted for the site itself. A prize of £500 is offered for a suitable name, which should preferably be brief, easy to pronounce, striking and unique, and which might for example, suggest the ideal surroundings of the new site. There will also be awarded boxes of Chocolates as 1000 Consolation Prizes.

Remember, the closing date is 14th August, 1923. Buy a packet of Fry's "Belgrave" Chocolate to-day, and ask for a copy of the Competition rules.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY
(WHICH MUST BE STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH)

1. The £500 prize will be awarded to the sender of the name deemed most suitable, but Fry's do not bind themselves to use the name for which the prize is awarded. In the event of the most suitable name being sent in by more than one Competitor, the prize will be divided. The winning name will be published in the Press.
2. Competitors may send in as many suggested names as they wish, but each suggested name must be accompanied by the red outside wrapper or wrappers from a packet or packets of Fry's "Belgrave" Chocolate—sold in Neapolitans, Croquettes, Flat Cakes and Bundles—to the value of 6d.; that is, for instance, four 1½d., three 2d., or two 3d. wrappers count for one suggested name, and a 1/- wrapper counts for two, or a 1/3 and 3d. wrapper combined count for three suggested names. In other words, every sixpennyworth of "Belgrave" Chocolate counts for one chance.
3. Each suggested name must be written plainly in capital letters on a separate sheet of paper, with the name and address of the Competitor, together with the name and address of the Retailer (i.e., the person, firm, or company owning the establishment, or employing the person) selling the "Belgrave" Chocolate to such Competitor.
4. All entries will receive strict scrutiny, so as to ensure fairness in awarding prizes.
5. The decision of the Board of Directors of J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., certified by the Company's Secretary, as to the prize awards, or as to any other matter relating to this competition, shall be accepted as final and binding by the Competitors, who shall only enter the competition on that footing.
6. All envelopes (properly stamped if sent by post) containing the suggested names must be addressed "J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., 3-9, Union Street, Bristol," and be marked "Name," and must arrive at that address not later than twelve noon on 14th August, 1923.
7. Fry's will not be responsible for any suggested name being lost, mislaid, or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.
8. Letters must not be enclosed with suggested names, and no correspondence will be entered into regarding the prize awards, or this competition, or anything connected therewith.
9. No one in the employment of the Company is eligible for the competition.

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It will help you to appreciate the great difficulty we have in balancing supply with demand when we remind you that "Red Tape" is a genuinely very old whisky, as the label indicates. Fine, very old whiskies, such as those contained in "Red Tape," are exceedingly scarce and very dear, for the reason that they cannot be augmented until the necessary period has elapsed since the release of the distilleries in 1919 from Government Control, for no whisky can be made old or mellow except by keeping it.

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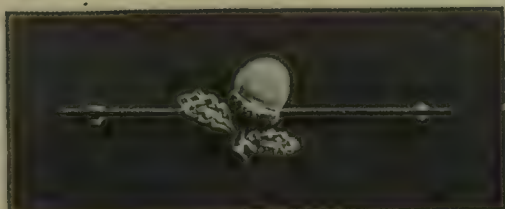
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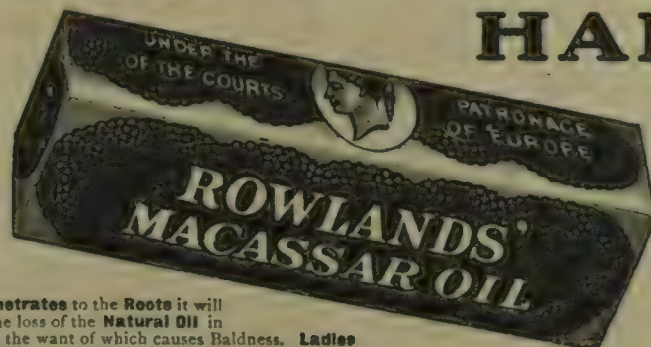
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(Continued.)

He is always ready to try experiments, and I refuse to believe that this year's choice of Korngold, Marx, Pitzner, and Reger is a sign that he is at last beginning to grow old and crusted. The public in England is quite ready to enjoy ultra-modern music; but, owing to the war, it has had to skip a whole generation of German and Austrian composers. Reger has been given his definite place in Germany since his death. He has his particular school of admirers who organise Reger Festivals; people of other tendencies consider him as dead and buried too. In England his name is almost unknown, and, though it is not likely that he will ever count for very much here, it is certainly desirable that English audiences should hear something of him, form their own judgment, and observe how he leads on to a more modern school. Marx and Korngold are both still living, and are fairly conspicuous figures in the musical life of Vienna. Neither of them has much sympathy with the "Futurist" schools. Korngold in his music shows that typically Austrian desire to please, and, if he has hardly attained fame, he has certainly secured popularity. Dohnanyi, who provides a violin concerto, is quite definitely conservative, although he is not yet fifty. The most advanced of this summer's novelties will probably be the Symphonic Suite of Darius Milhaud, but his style is already quite familiar to English audiences.—EDWARD J. DENT.

Mr. J. C. Vickery, jeweller and silversmith, etc., to their Majesties the King and Queen, was recently honoured with a visit by her Majesty the Queen of Holland, who stayed a considerable time.

Until some twelve months ago, practically all the fencing foils, sabres, and épées used in Great Britain were made abroad. Then the Wilkinson Sword Company, Ltd., of 53, Pall Mall, S.W.1, acting upon a suggestion that they should develop their manufacture in this country, did so; with the gratifying result that they are bringing to Britain an industry that previously was practically non-existent.

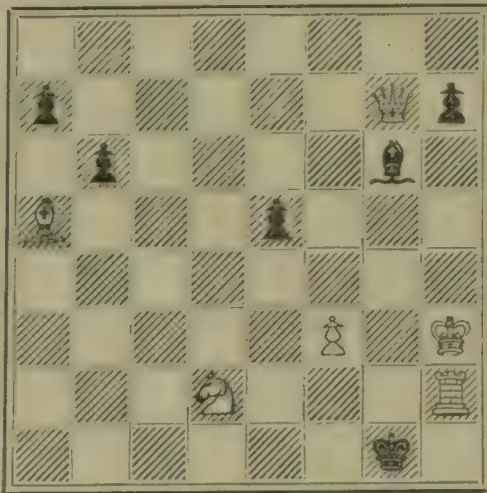
CHESS.

CASIMIR DICKSON (Vancouver).—Thanks for game which we hope to make use of at an early date.

R B N.—Amended position to hand, and will be further examined.

A A Hume (Torquay).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention. We regret your previous contribution did not reach us.

PROBLEM No. 3911.—By the Rev. Noel Bonavia-Hunt.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3909.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE

1. K to B 7th
2. Kt to Q 6th (dis. ch)
3. B mates.

BLACK

- K takes P
- K takes Kt

If Black play 1. P to Q 3rd, 2. Kt to B 6th, etc.; and if 1. P to B 6th, then 2. Kt to Q 6th, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3907 received from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver); of No. 3908 from James M K Lupton (Richmond), and Senex; of No. 3909 from A Edmiston (Worsley), Senex, M Trucharte (Denia, Spain), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), E M Vicars

(Norfolk), Henry Knoph (Norway), James M K Lupton (Richmond), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), and C H Watson (Masham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3910 received from E J Gibbs (East Ham), H Grasett-Baldwin (Farnham), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), W Rayer Harman, J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), H W Satow (Bangor), James M K Lupton (Richmond), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), M S H (Glossop) and R B Pearce (Happisburgh).

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Masters Tournament at Carlsbad, between Messrs. ALECHIN and YATES, and awarded one of the first Brilliancy Prizes.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

- | WHITE (Mr. A.) | BLACK (Mr. Y.) | WHITE (Mr. A.) | BLACK (Mr. Y.) |
|------------------|----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. P to Q 4th | Kt to K B 3rd | 26. P to B 3rd | Q to Kt 4th (ch) |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | P to K Kt 3rd | 27. K to R sq | R to Q 3rd |
| 3. P to K Kt 3rd | B to Kt and | 28. Q to R 3rd | B to K 4th |
| 4. B to Kt 2nd | Castles | 29. R to K 2nd | Q R to K B 3rd |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 30. Kt to Q 3rd | R to B 5th |
| 6. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 31. Kt to K 3rd | R to R 5th |
| 7. P to Q 5th | Kt to Kt sq | 32. Q to K 6th | |
| 8. P to K 4th | Q Kt to Q 2nd | | |
| 9. Castles | P to Q R 4th | | |
| 10. B to K 3rd | Kt to Kt 5th | | |
| 11. B to Q 4th | K Kt to K 4th | | |

Black has put up an excellent defence, and there is, so far, a very fair equality of position between the two sides.

It is difficult to think this is White's best move. P to B 4th is perhaps premature, but there is time to prepare for it, with a strong centre to follow.

Black's Queen now takes command of the situation, and with her rival completely out of action, cleverly administers mate. The game worthily received one of the first brilliancy prizes.

The initiative here passes into Black's hands, and, as will be seen, he makes a masterly use of it.

To exchange Queens means a lost end game.

Q takes B P
Q to K 6 (ch) K to R sq

There is nothing else to be done. The Queen is lost otherwise.

Q to R 4th
Kt to Kt 4th R takes Kt

A brilliant sacrifice based upon a sound insight into the possibilities of the position. If White replies with Q takes R, then Q takes Q

P takes Q, R takes R (ch), and wins.

P takes R R takes R (ch)
K to Kt 2nd Q takes R P (ch)

K takes R Q to R 8th (ch)

K to B 2nd B to Q 5th (ch)

Kt to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 8th (ch)

K to R 3rd Q to B 8th (ch)

R to Kt 2nd Q to B 8th (ch)

K to R 3rd Q to R 8th (ch)

R to B 3rd Q to Kt 8th (ch)

K to R 3rd Q to B 8th (ch)

K to Kt 3rd B to B 7th (ch)

K to B 3rd B to Kt 8th (dis. ch), and mate follows in two.

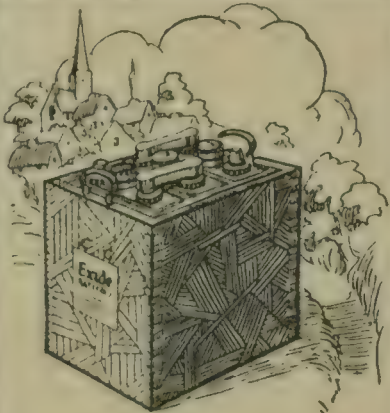
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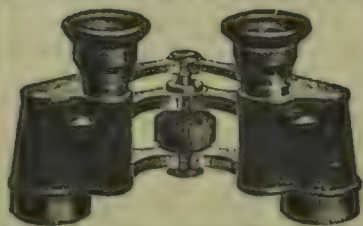
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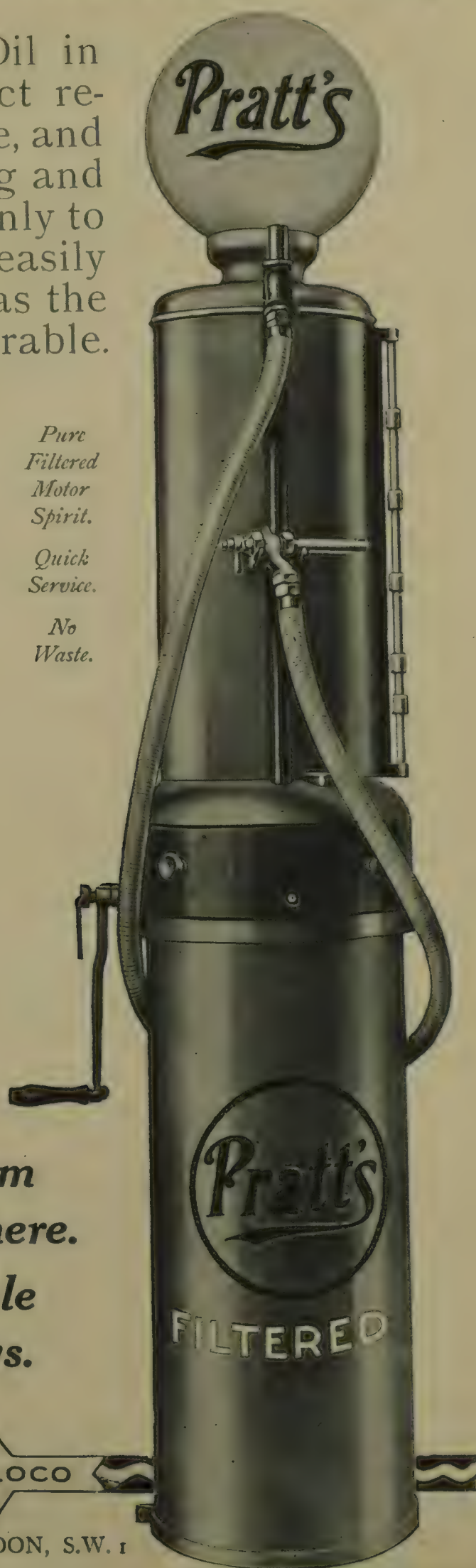


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An English Road Race?

The sweeping victory of the Sunbeam team in the French Grand Prix race has led to a fresh discussion of the possibilities of holding a similar event on English roads. I am afraid there is very little likelihood of such a race eventuating, desirable

is very little doubt a race would be extremely popular with the public, and would furnish an excellent advertisement for motoring generally, and for the cars taking part specifically.

A Regrettable Decision.

for the race over

After the decisive victory of the Sunbeams, everybody had hoped to see the winning team entered for the race over the Monza Circuit. It is said, however, that the Sunbeam Company has declined to enter unless the Italian Club agrees to bar superchargers for the race. I certainly think this decision is regrettable, because of the grounds upon which it is based. They strike me as being unprogressive and aimed against the basic reason for holding these long-distance road events. Surely their purpose is to try out and demonstrate advances in design and construction, and the super-charger certainly comes under the definition. If people had declined to enter for races on similar grounds in past years, the motor-car would still have been in a comparatively embryonic stage of development, since it is the

trying-out of new ideas which has led to advance. Even during the past three years enormous advances have been made in engine efficiency, solely, or at least mainly, because of the call for high power output from the small engines stipulated for in the big Continental races. To achieve this big output, designers have carried things as far as they will go in the matter of revolutions of the crank-shaft under ordinary conditions of natural induction. Obviously, if more power is to be obtained from small cylinders, some simple and reliable system of feeding the fuel under pressure must be developed. The Fiats which ran in the Grand Prix were fitted with a blower for forcing the mixture into the cylinders, and there is no doubt they were the

fastest cars on the course. By reason of their very speed they failed to win, paradox as this might seem. The German Mercedes concern had developed a similar contrivance, which those who have tried cars fitted with it say gives the most remarkable results. Incidentally, these Mercedes racers will be competing in the Monza race, and it will be interesting to see how they compare with the Fiats in the matter of speed. From the racing car to touring practice is but a step, and it may well be that the ordinary car of commerce of to-morrow will be regarded as incomplete without some contrivance for forcing the mixture into the cylinders when maximum power is wanted. Racing will tell us, because a device which will stand up and give satisfactory results under a sustained revolution speed of some 6000 per minute will manifestly work well in touring practice at half the crank-shaft speed.

A Good Plug.

In February last I fitted a set of C.50 Lodge plugs, which are a new type with special steatite insulator. Since then I have done just over 7000 miles without a misfire. I



IN HIS 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE TOURING CAR: H.R.H. THE PRINCE REGENT OF JAPAN IN A STREET IN FORMOSA.

though it may be from many points of view. In the first place, it is doubtful if the trade would give it the necessary support. Road racing is not much in favour, except with one or two concerns, like Sunbeams; and even if such a race were held, it seems reasonably certain that we should have to look to other countries for the bulk of the entries. Supposing, however, the S.M.M.T. gave its blessing to a race, there is the difficulty to be overcome that a special Act of Parliament would be needed to authorise it. Acts of Parliament are not obtained for the mere asking, and it would be sufficient for the county authorities under whose jurisdiction the selected roads fall to oppose the granting of facilities. Even supposing everything to go smoothly, it would be a very costly affair to prepare the road-surface for racing and properly to guard the circuit during practice and on the day of the race. Still, the idea is well worth serious consideration as to ways and means, because I think there



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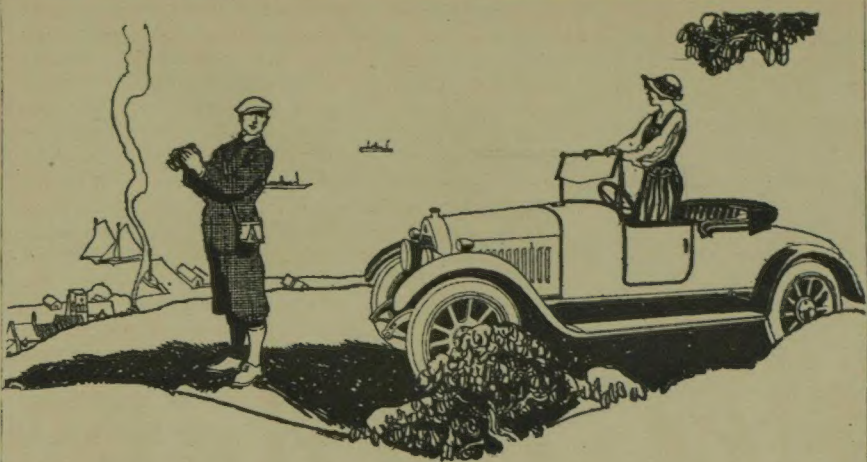
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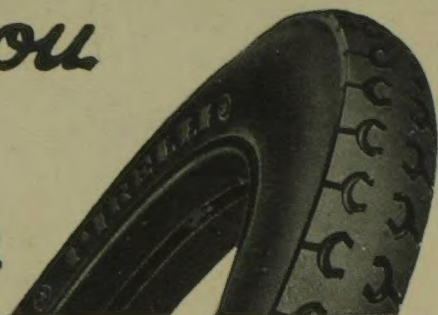
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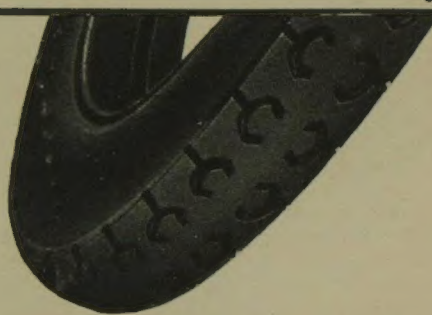


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is a holiday magazine published under the
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